

Sports Illustrated

NOVEMBER 19, 1975

50 CENTS

HOCKEY

HEATS UP

**Boston's Rampaging
Phil Esposito**





There they sat. Like a bomb waiting to go off.

20 of the world's fastest Porsches, McLarens and Lolas ever to meet on the same track.

The Can-Am challenge race at Mosport.

Eighty times around a 2½-mile track of frightening turns and straightaways that would see speeds in excess of 200 mpb.

But, right now, the most powerful car on the course was a bright

yellow mid-engine Porsche 914. The car that would pace this race for one lap.

Which was fitting. The 914 was designed by the same engineers who designed and built the mid-

Porsche

The

engine Porsche 917s that were racing that day. They gave it a 2.0-

liter engine, 5-speed gearbox, rack-and-pinion steering, and fantastic mid-engine balance.

It is, as Mosport puts it, "the ideal pace car."

"It's quick enough to keep out in front of those big Can-Am cars. And it's probably the best looking pace car we've ever had."

The Porsche 914.

A leader of cars.



"The copiers we use have to wear as well as the jeans we make. That's why they had to be SCM."

Norm DuCette, Purchasing Agent, Levi Strauss & Co.

"Back in the Gold Rush days, when Pony Express helped us communicate," muses Norm DuCette, "you couldn't count on reliability. Today it's different. We need about 80,000 copies a month, so we need equipment we can depend on."

"You see," Norm continues, "we're a people-oriented company. And we know the best way to keep people operating efficiently is to make sure they have machines that operate efficiently."

—How do you know when the machines aren't running well?

"That's easy," answers Norm. "By the amount of gripes I get from my people. And since I've installed SCM copiers I get only smiles."

—You mean your SCMs never need service?

"I didn't say that," Norm counters. "I meant they're easy to operate and reliable. But while

you're on the subject, I'd say that SCM service is excellent. Superior, as a matter of fact, to any other company we've dealt with."

—What about copy quality?

"Above average."

—And range of machines?

"We only need two models now, but SCM has a full line that can accommodate just about any copying need we'd ever have."

—How about cost?

"As I said before, our SCMs have to be able to take it and," Norm smiles, "they do. Their dependability saves our people time. And time is money."

"Let's face it," Norm concludes, "my job is to make sure that Levi Strauss gets the best bang for their buck—and SCM is giving it to us."

SCM COPIER PRODUCTS

The complete copier company

We get people talking.

(To 23,000,000 people we're the telephone company)



We brighten their lives a bit.

(Sylvania lighting for home, industry and photography)



We entertain them.

(Sylvania color TV and stereo)



We're GTE...

(a growing concern for your growing needs)



"Know what I'm doing?"



**"I'm getting my present
auto policy checked,
seeing about a better
insurance rate on
my two cars,
and buying a tree
all at the same time.
Where am I?"**

"At my Sears store, where else?"

**"About fifty feet away is an
Allstate booth. Inside that booth
is an Allstate Agent who's
figuring out if I'd pay less to
insure my two cars if I switched
to Allstate.**

**"True, I'm getting a two-car
discount from the company I've
been dealing with. But I might
save some money with Allstate.**

**"Know what else? Allstate
handles a lot of its claims *right
over the phone.***

**"I feel so good, I think I'll have
one of those bushes over there,
to go with this tree!**

**"Why don't
you check
Allstate, too?"
(At Sears. Or
an Allstate
office.)**

**Maybe we
can save you
some money.**



Allstate
You're in good hands.

Special rates and discounts available in most states.

AN OPEN CHALLENGE TO MR. AARON GOLD, MR. EDWARD BROOKS, MR. GENE SAGE AND MRS. MAGGIE DALY TO ATTEND THE TULLAMORE DEW \$5,000 TASTE TESTING COMPETITION AT THE NINETY-FIFTH, CHICAGO. DEC. 6, 1973.

THE TEST:

We're challenging 4 of the most educated palates in Chicago to see whether they can determine the difference between 3 leading scotch whiskies and Tullamore Dew, a whiskey made in Ireland.

THE REASON:

Tullamore Dew is unlike any Irish you've ever tasted. It's as smooth and light as scotch. In fact, we think it's so smooth and so light, we're betting \$20,000 it will fool the experts.

THE METHOD:

Each participant will be blindfolded. He will be handed a shot of either scotch or Tullamore Dew. He will then be asked to taste it and determine whether it is a scotch or an Irish. He will not be required to distinguish between brands of scotches. A total of 8 shots (4 neat, 4 on the rocks) will comprise the test.

THE PRIZES:

\$5,000 will be donated to the favorite charity of each participant who can correctly identify all 8 shots. If all four participants are correct, a total of \$20,000 will be donated to charity. If no one identifies all 8 shots, \$2,500 will be donated to the favorite charity of the participant (or participants) who gets the most correct answers. Consolation prizes of \$1,000 will be donated to the favorite charities of the runners-up.

THE TESTING CONDITIONS:

All drinks will be poured by a team of bartenders consisting of Joe Johnson, head bartender, Mister Kelly's; Ed Eng, beverage director, Hyatt Regency O'Hare; Al Platt, head bartender, Eli's the place for

steak; and David Bakas, head bartender, Butch McGuire's. The competition will be held in front of a live audience at noon on Dec. 6 in The Ninety-Fifth, the restaurant at the top of the John Hancock Building. Sportscaster Harry Caray will give the shot-by-shot description.

AN OPEN CHALLENGE TO ALL OTHER SCOTCH DRINKERS:

This is an Invitational Competition only. However, if you are not one of the 4 Invitees named above, you can participate in an amateur version of this competition at home or at your favorite bar. Blindfold yourself. Then have someone pour you a shot of scotch and a Tullamore Dew. Sip from one, then another, then sip from one of them a second time. You may notice a difference, but you won't know which one is which. And that's not just an empty claim. That's a statement we've got a lot of money riding on.



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TULLAMORE DEW. THE ONLY IRISH THAT CHALLENGES SCOTCH.

How to attract prowlers.

It's easy.

Just decide to sell your own home without the help of a Realtor.

You'll have all kinds of people prowling everywhere. Around the clock. Just ask anyone willing to remember the time they tried to sell their own home. The stories are grizzly.

Until they get to the part where they threw in the towel and got some help from a professional Realtor. The way they'll talk about their Realtor will remind you of the cavalry saving home-standers from the Indians.

A Realtor can save you too. Save you a lot of time and headaches. For a lot of good reasons. If you're thinking of selling your own home, maybe you should consider some of them.

What have you got to lose?

Without a Realtor, plenty.

Market demand, seasonality of sales, location and a dozen other factors can change your home's value overnight. A Realtor knows all about these things. He can make sure your asking price is right. And he can make sure you get it.

Do it yourself, and you'll probably ask too much. Or too little. Either way, you're going to wind up losing.

Strangers in the night

The minute the word gets around that your house is on the market, you're fair game for anyone with a few minutes (or hours) to kill.

You'll meet them all. And in the oddest places. The sweet little old lady with the big shopping bag you run into rummaging through your garage. The guy in the T-shirt and brown bomber jacket you find under the porch checking for termites. And those people you never really get a good look at as they peer in the window during the late news.

But that's just the start of your problems. Wait until you decide to bring in the real prospects with an

ad in the newspaper.

Your feelings about the telephone will never be the same. You'll talk to people at all hours of the day and night.

Some of them will even show up. At all hours of the day and night.

A Realtor can solve these problems for you. He'll screen the prospects from the window-shoppers and just plain weirdos. He'll dig out their needs, desires and financial situation.

Best of all, though, he'll show your house only when it's convenient for you.

The games people play

So there you are. Hearty smile and firm handshake ready for the first buyer.

You're ready to handle anything. Like "Why, the stairs do creak a bit." Or "You'll certainly be taking those cheesy drapes with you, won't you?"

Well, maybe you are. And maybe you aren't. Why take a chance? Realtors are fully trained in the fine art of salesmanship. That includes turning an objection into an advantage. And a Realtor knows how to get the indecisive buyer to make up his mind. Realtors go to school to learn all about it.

Suddenly, your buyer makes an offer. Unfortunately, it's well below, far below, your asking price.

What do you do now? Get mad? Argue? Probably. It's the worst thing you could do.

Because you're the owner, you'll find it nearly impossible to negotiate with a buyer. Bargaining over price, terms and possession date is best done by a professional with an eye for details.

A Realtor is the go-between and advisor who helps sell your home. He handles the negotiations. He'll look out for you and tell you to stick to your guns when you're right. And he'll tell you when the buyer is right, too.

Red Tape

Let's say you twisted the buyer's arm. He's agreed to up his ante to meet your price. But he needs your help to get financing. Where do you go now? Good question. And every Realtor knows the answers. That's because a Realtor deals daily with all kinds of financial institutions and knows their methods and requirements.

And the paperwork. There's tons of it. Title searches, finance arrangements, contracts, transfers, even tax laws.

Unless you're a bear for keeping hundreds of balls up in the air, you'll want a Realtor to help keep you straight. He's been through this before. So he can help you pass through this tangle of details as painlessly as possible.

That's show biz

After all this, maybe you think you're a better man than most. You could take it all in stride and do a good job of it, right? Wrong.

What about that dripping faucet you've always meant to fix? It could turn a hot prospect off. And the loose doorknob on the back door?

There's more that could cost you plenty. They're little things that make your home more saleable. Or less saleable if you overlook them. A Realtor can point them all out. After all, he wants you to put on a good show, too.

So

You may be wondering why Chicago Title cares whether you attract prowlers or buyers. We're not in the selling business. We insure titles to real estate.

It's just that after many years of serving the title needs of your community, we've come to know how important Realtors are. And how much they can help you.

We wanted you to know, too.



Chicago Title Insurance Company

Chicago, Illinois 60602

A nationwide network of more than 3000 brokers and agents plus several thousand approved attorneys
Member of the Lincoln National family of corporations

Cochiti Lake, New Mexico

...A life style you've earned



Does it seem that life gets more hectic day after day, that streets and roads are getting a little more crowded, that there are pushing, shoving crowds wherever you go? Have you ever thought there must be some way out of all this? There is... it's Cochiti Lake... and the good life! ■ The good life! A manner of living that enables you and your world to exist in perfect harmony and enjoyment... no matter what your age, a knowledge of trust in yourself, your future, and the people you are dealing with. ■ The trust begins with men and women who have planned and built Cochiti Lake. Since Cochiti Lake was first conceived, facilities are a reality. Development is well ahead of schedule. People all over New Mexico know that Cochiti Lake is a good place to live, to play, to invest. The residents of Cochiti Lake know it too... all take full advantage of the great new swimming pool and



artificial corner, the swimming center and tennis trails, the sun, and clean air... in this is so much a part of their homes. ■ At Cochiti Lake the joys of outdoor sports and the rewards of living are great rewards. ■ Appropriate, beautiful homes that fit into the living landscape, recreation facilities that cater to every wish and mood, fresh air, the future, springing with it all the excitement and benefits that have been provided by a community that fulfills its commitment. ■ Cochiti Lake is a planned community... and the place is for families... for enjoyment... for the good life in a from worry about the future. ■ If you like to many people are looking for a better life today and a stake in tomorrow, we urge you to consider Cochiti Lake. Consider living Cochiti Lake, provide you and your family with that good life now and for your future. Here as nowhere else is a place to make a new beginning.



Cochiti Lake, New Mexico

the home
you've
waited
for!



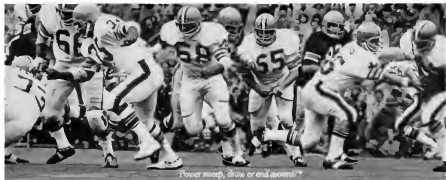
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I'd like to know more about Cochiti Lake, its recreation facilities and homes. Send me my beautiful full color housing brochure and a copy of New Mexico Magazine, both absolutely free.

Name _____
Address _____
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Telephone _____

It is recommended that you obtain from the company and read a current government HUD report for a tract (unit) in Cochiti Lake. This subleasehold offering (terminating in the year 2068).



How to teach your son the ins and outs of pro football.

Get the 1973 NFL Playbook from the American Express Company for only \$3.00.

Here's a fabulous new book that reveals some of the most valuable secrets of the game. It's based on actual NFL Playbooks—books so valuable they must be locked up before and after every game.

This book, never before available to the public, contains 5 sections protected by a heavy-duty three-ring binder.

Here's what you get:

Section 1: Offense

The 8 basic formations explained including the red, blue, brown, and I slot. Key passing patterns from the flare and flag to the hitchout and curl. Offensive blocking; the trap, scissors, double team, etc. How to change signals after the huddle.

Section 2: Defense

The 3 dimensions of defenses: the front four, line-backers and deep backs. What they do and why. Important stunts explained. Secrets of zone defenses, including Miami's Super Bowl 53 zone. Tendency charting: how the computer is sharpening the game.

Section 3: Special Teams

Diagrammatic descriptions of the special units that account for 25 percent of all plays: the kickoff and kick return units, the punt and punt return units, field goal unit. How each unit functions. The nuances of the kicking game.



Section 4: Strategy

Secrets of creating a top-notch team. How to organize a 47-man roster. The coaching and support staffs: how to develop them. Running an effective training camp. What happens in the key hour before the game and at half-time. Theories of the 26 NFL coaches.

Section 5: Rules

The six officials and their responsibilities. Positioning of officials on special plays. Plus a special digest of the Official NFL Rulebook—never before available to the public. Explains the do's and don'ts of the game in clear, concise language your son will easily understand.

How to get the NFL Playbook

Look for the NFL display. You'll find it at participating restaurants in this area that honor the American Express Card. Pick up an order form and send in \$3.00 for each copy you want.

If you apply for the American Express Card at the same time, you get the NFL Playbook for only \$2.00.



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AMERICAN EXPRESS

Watch "NFL Playbook" at half time on all CBS NFL games beginning September 16.

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly, except one issue at year end, by Time Inc., 545 North Park Avenue, Chicago, Ill. 60611; principal office: Boulevard Center, New York, N.Y. 10036; James R. Stapley, President; Richard S. McNeigh, Treasurer; Charles E. Bear, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, Puerto Rico and the Caribbean islands \$12.00 a year, military personnel anywhere in the world \$4.50 a year, all other \$35.00 a year.

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Next week

COLLEGE BASKETBALL jumps into a new season, bringing with it the also-ran's eternal hope: maybe this is the year. Not likely. Bill Walton and UCLA still top the Top 20. But if there is an upset, writes Curry Kirkpatrick, it should come from the rough Atlantic Coast Conference, in particular from North Carolina State and its marvelous David Thompson, who are riding a streak of their own. There are scouting reports on the best of the rest, including potent little Assumption College, and, in color, Walton in action and a portfolio of snafus where even UCLA would shudder. Plus all regular features and the usual full range of other sports

PARKER 75



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Spokesman for the Western World. The Parker 75 Pen.

The Parker 75, in its way, writes history. From Paris to Washington, from Buenos Aires to Sydney, it is the confidant of statesmen. To honor their trust, in full, everything about the pen is special.

Its case is solid sterling silver not just for appearance, but because it gives the Parker 75 heft and balance, through hours of comfortable writing.

Parker uses its own special 14K gold alloy for the point, because few other metals resist ink corrosion so well and

still provide such responsiveness as you write. To protect the tip through decades of use, we developed an alloy of platinum and ruthenium that, to our knowledge, has never worn out.

The Parker 75 is guaranteed, of course. If it fails to perform due to defects we will repair or replace it—free. For an exceptional gift at a believable price, the Parker 75 at \$25 is a most diplomatic solution.

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Sports Illustrated

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Published by J. Neill, Madison, Wisconsin

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Reported same night, seemed again. That night
then he tried to find something, under the
go 77 days of the a town.

Someday there will be a book called *The Cantwell Papers*. Its scholarly editor will make the usual acknowledgments to members of Robert Cantwell's family, friends and colleagues on *The New Republic*, TIME, NEWSWEEK and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. Acknowledgments will also be made to a number of trucking companies for carting notebooks from the state of Washington, where Bulb was born and grew up, to various neighborhoods in New York City, where he lived for years, and eventually to Bethlehem, Pa., where he lives now. A still further acknowledgment will go to the cryptographers who forced the notebooks to yield up their secrets. They don't yield easily, as Rose Mary Mechem will attest.

Mechem worked with Canwell on the Fort Riley piece that begins on page 106. A writer's notes are often used by members of our research staff in seeking to verify the facts of a story. The Riley notebook is an especially rich-looking source, bound in sober black buckram, 8½ inches wide and 11 inches long. It holds 142 sheets, of which 133 are covered with notes. They are in blue-black ink, the handwriting meticulous, even elegant—and to Mechem largely indecipherable. (A sample can be seen above.) She called on Bob to be her own cryptographer.

He obliges, as he always does, typing out the necessary notes and handing them over in good time. His typing is rugged but legible. Better than that, it is readable in the other sense of the word. Anything Bob Cartmell writes is readable, from the most lowly chore of the workaday journalist to the learned books listed as Required Reading for college courses in American literature. The same mild-eyed, soft-spoken courtesy that goes into the humdrum of legwork and note-taking is translated by

his talent into style. He wants to oblige his readers.

SI readers know him for his reporting on such subjects as the career of Bobby Fischer from boyhood chess at Erasmus High School in Brooklyn to grown-up world champion. For such funny pieces on the popular sports literature of bygone years as *A Scurrying Laugh with the Buses Loaded* (April 23, 1962). For articles on wilderness trails and white-water canoeing. For a study of Sherlock Holmes as sportsman (March 19, 1973). Just last week we published his somber report on sport in war-weary Northern Ireland. A young woman editor tried to talk him out of researching that one on the grounds that he was too old to be dodging bombs and sniffer fire in the slums of Belfast, but Bob had her overruled.

Fiction Bob wrote in the 1930s is in print again. His short stories and literary essays are often in the anthologies. Students write term papers about his place in the literature of social protest. Historians discuss his part in the Henry James boom of the 1940s. His books on Nathaniel Hawthorne and Alexander Wilson, the American naturalist, are cited in bramy footnotes and bibliographies. He pops up in memoirs as the friend of John Dos Passos and Edmund Wilson. And he sees no contradiction in his various careers, his several reputations. He likes them all. It amuses him to be on Required Reading lists, remembering Bernard Shaw's remark that to be used for instruction is to be cursed by the drudges who endure the instruction. Students might at least be thankful they don't have to read Bob in Jonestown.

Sack meyas

Any executive who's going places can get there faster with Victor's MEC.



Your workload doesn't let up when you leave the office; you can't afford to either. Make the most of your time with the most versatile business calculator around—Victor's new MEC.

Although the 20 oz. MEC is a handy little 8" x 3 1/2", it offers you the advantages of a top-notch desk-top unit as well as a personal calculator. It's the only dual purpose unit of its kind on the market today. In your office, it's at home in its unique cradle (a recharging unit) that places the MEC at the same working angle and height as any full-size unit. It offers more capabilities than most minis. A large, clear display of 12 digits (not the usual 6 or 8). AC or battery operation. A special percentage key for speedy discount or mark-up calculations. Floating or round-off decimal. Automatic constants and chain calculations. Clear entry and clear all keys. Plus these options: a small charger for use away from the office and a useful accumulating memory.

All this, and Victor's American-crafted quality, with sales and service available in every county in the U.S.A.

See the MEC at any Victor dealer or branch. Or at leading stationery, department and discount stores. For literature, write: Victor Comptometer Corporation, Business Machines Division, 3900 North Rockwell Street, Chicago, Illinois 60618.



VICTOR

All pickups are not created equal



Only Jeep Pickups offer Quadra-Trac™

Quadra-Trac is the new automatic 4-wheel drive system the experts are raving about. And only Jeep Pickups offer it. This new system delivers 4-wheel drive supertraction to the wheels the instant you need it. No need to get out and lock hubs, no shift lever to fuss with. Quadra-Trac is an exciting option that makes the toughest trucking smoother than ever before.

Whether you choose Quadra-Trac or our famous standard 4-wheel drive the

hauling's easier because both are the product of over 30 years of rough-road experience.

Add 'em up: The rugged dependability that Jeep has come to stand for—axles, suspension, body—all hanging together super-tough to do most any job you put it to, and Quadra-Trac, the premier 4-wheel drive. That adds up to one sweet pickup.

For fun or profit, Jeep Pickups are a little more equal than all the rest.

Jeep Truck

From A Subsidiary of
American Motors Corporation

This may be one answer to America's energy crisis.



It's called resource recovery, or saving what is worth saving from your trash and garbage.

There are hundreds of reclamation centers throughout the United States, in areas where there are enough all-aluminum cans in circulation to make them feasible.

So resource recovery is possible. And the high scrap value of aluminum makes it practical. And the tremendous savings in energy make it even

more practical. Alcoa has the technology to recycle used all-aluminum cans with just 5 percent of the energy it takes to make them the first time.

There's not another beverage packaging material quite like aluminum. Only aluminum has all these things going for it: it's lightweight, chills quickly, keeps things fresh, opens with a snap, has high scrap value and can be recycled repeatedly.

Alcoa is buying back used aluminum

cans that have been collected through reclamation centers in many communities. We are buying them back because aluminum is a very practical packaging material to recycle.

Write for our free brochure on energy and aluminum. We'll also send you information on how one community established the reclamation program. Aluminum Company of America, 819-L Alcoa Building, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania 15219.

Aluminum:
Pass it on

 **ALCOA**



It's a great place to spend the Holidays. Merry Christmas

From our Christmas Collection: Sir Pendleton sport shirt \$25; turtleneck sweater \$27.50; lounging robe \$35; muffler \$6.50; sport shirt \$30; alpaca collar coat \$85; motor robe \$29. For further information, write Dept. XS, Pendleton Woolen Mills, Portland, Oregon 97207.

Once again, 100 Sweepstakes from Benson & Hedges 100's

Which
are you bent on
winning?

Look them over to see what tempts
you and pick the sweepstakes you'll enter

A car? An aqua bike? A sapphire
ring? One of the 7 trips? A gobble of
prime rib roasts? Or a jingle of cowbells?
There are 88 more possibilities

In any case, any winner may change
his mind and ask for 100 ft of dollar
bills (\$200) instead

Each of our 100 winners will receive
a letter explaining exactly what the prize
includes, what choice there is (if any) of
style or color or flavor, and what options
there are on deliveries of perishable goods

Please read the rules carefully and
especially note that each sweepstakes must
be entered individually, with each entry
mailed separately in its own envelope, and
the sweepstakes number in the lower left
corner

Here's hoping you'll win your favorite
prize from Benson & Hedges 100's,
America's favorite cigarette break



18 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report, Feb. '73.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

If your watch takes more time than it gives, maybe you should get another watch.

Bulova Jet Star self-winding, instant change date and day, water resistant, shock resistant watches.



Models shown: (left) #12620 (center) #11634 (right) #11630. These styles and many others from \$65 at fine jewelry and department stores. ©Bulova Watch Co., Inc.

OUR 6300 CRUM & FORSTER AGENTS MAY SELL YOU OUR COMPETITORS' INSURANCE.

There are two kinds of insurance agents. Those who work for only one company and independent agents who represent many companies.

All of Crum & Forster's 6,300 agents are independent. They handle our property and casualty insurance and other companies' insurance as well. So when they make a recommendation, they have no obligation to suggest our insurance. Or anybody else's.

This independence obviously frees the agent to give you the kind of objective advice you already expect from an accountant or a lawyer.

If one of our agents examines your situation and then recommends one of our competitors' policies, he's simply doing the job you and we want him to do. You get the right coverage at the right price. And when you're satisfied, he knows you'll continue to do business with him. And we're motivated constantly to improve our coverage and service.

So far, we've done extremely well amid this unusually intense competition. In a field of over 2,700 property and casualty insurance groups, we're number 16. Our total premium volume is

\$666.8 million, our net worth is \$432.4 million, and our assets are over \$1.4 billion.

For over 75 years, we've been writing insurance only through independent agents. And while everything in our experience has proven the value to you of using them, it's just as important for you to get the right one.

There are over 300,000 independent agents in the country. But, as we said, only 6,300 of them have been appointed to handle Crum & Forster. We make sure all of our agents are insurance professionals who have established their personal and professional reputations in their communities.

The Crum & Forster agents in your area are listed on the next three pages. We are continually qualifying new agents. So if you can't find an agent near you, call 800-447-4700 toll-free. (In Illinois, call 800-322-4400.)

Each of our agents will be happy to sit down with you and appraise your insurance situation and to then give you his expert, objective opinion—without any obligation to you. Or to us.

We're glad to recommend him. Even though he may not always recommend us.

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Belvidere

Graham-Nash-Goleman Ins. Agency

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Berwyn

Del Bene & Associates, Inc.

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Thomas M. Snow Ins. Agency

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Titan Agencies, Inc.

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Chillicothe

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Karl Polston Ins. Agency

Collas

Nord Insurance Agency

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The Lockman Agency, Inc.

Columbia

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Bry-Lon, Ltd.

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Wm. J. Wildberger Co.

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Elgin

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Smith-Johnson, Inc.

Forest

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Freeport

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The Schirmer Agency

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Galesburg

Heron Insurance Service, Inc.

Galesburg

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Lohman Brothers Agency

German Valley

Tres & Insurance Agency

Grenville City

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Charles Serfass Insurance

Hammond

Fokridge Agency, Inc.

Hampshire

Peterson Insurance Agency

Harris

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Ingonus

Associated Ingonus Ins.

Agency, Inc.

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Larkin Insurance Agency

DeShane Agency, Inc.

Joliet

De Gruy & Associates

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La Salle

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Latham

Porter Insurance Agency

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Lea at River

Bill Muller Agency

Lebanon

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Bradley Insurance Agency

Louisville

Berk-Harrison Agency

Macomb

Pittman-Burke Agency

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Marshall

Clune & Ins. Agency & Real

Estate

Marionville

Severett Insurance Agency

Mattoon

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Frank T. Miller

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Rebeck & Moraw Agency

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Powers Insurance Agency, Inc.

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Sighrth Insurance Agency

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Schuyler Insurance Agency

Postville

Pittler Insurance Agency

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Hettasto & Associates, Inc.

Prophetsburg

The Schumman Agency

Quincy

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 Williams-Manny, Inc.
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 McFarland-Buddehiser Insurance
Rosemont
 Marshfield & Coates Insurance
 Agency
Rushville
 Long-Koth Insurance Agency
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 Thomas Buck-Morse
 Insurance Agency
Schiller Park
 United American Insurance
 Center, Inc.
Sesser
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 Weekly Insurance Agency
Sheldon
 The Strue Agency
Steele
 A. C. Thompson & Associates
South Beloit
 Korth Insurance Agency
Springfield
 Forewell Ins. Agency, Inc.
 Alvin S. Krays & Company
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 Child John-Peterson & Flock
 Agency
 Clayton R. Schuneman
 Wenzel, Wilkins, Loebe &
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Stockton
 Robert H. Bauer
 Moellers-Harrison Agency
Streator
 Reynolds-West & Associates
Sullivan
 Horn Insurance Agency
Sumner
 Chris M. Wright
Tinley Park
 The Hinz Company
Toledo
 The Everhart Ins. Agency
Trenton
 Pennington Insurance Agency
Tuscola
 Waters Insurance Agency
Urbana
 Cigdal & Hobbs
Vandalia
 Don Bernhardt Ins. Agency
 Louis Squibb Ins. Service
Warren
 Wagner Insurance Agency, Inc.
Wauburn
 Ireland & Logan
Waukega
 Associated Inquiries Ins.
 Agencies, Inc.
Waukegan
 Wm. Schwartz & Company
Weldon
 Kingston Insurance Agency
Weston Springs
 Affiliated Insurance
 Consultants, Inc.
West Frankfort
 Standard Insurance Agency
Winchester
 Sam Peak Insurance Agency
Wood River
 Engerstaff-Brugman Insurance
 Agency
 Fough-Webb Insurance Agency
Woodstock
 Rardin-Long, Inc.
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Anderson
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Albia
 The Hayes Agency
Bedford
 Karch & Grove Agency, Inc.

Bloomington
 Woodward Insurance, Inc.
Bradley
 Bolin Agency, Inc.
Carmel
 The Pettimer Agency, Inc.
Crawfordsville
 Clements-Roscher Corp.
Crown Point
 Fleming-Carson & Bates
 Insurance, Inc.
Culver
 State Exchange Insurance Co.
Dyer
 Robert Friel Ins. Agency
East Chicago
 Vant Insurance Agency
Elkhart
 Lutz Insurance Agency
 Old Reliable Ins. Agency, Inc.
 Shultz Ins. Agency, Inc.
Evansville
 Crown Ins. Agency, Inc.
 Menard Ins. Agency, Inc.
 Southwestern Agency, Inc.
 Jesus F. Stock Insurance, Inc.
Fort Wayne
 Associated Ins. Managers, Inc.
 of Fort Wayne
 Fishing & Marker, Inc.
 Lupton-Rice Associates
 O'Rourke, Andrews & Maroney
 Paul F. Schwarz
 Wood Insurance Agency
Francesville
 Frank A. With Insurance Agency
Franklin
 Finner Bank & Trust Co.
Gary
 Charles Agency
 John Rykovich Insurance Agency
 William A. Schmidt
Goshen
 First National Ins. Agency, Inc.
Greensburg
 William R. Blue, Inc.
Hammond
 Ervitt Associates
 The Lake County Agency, Inc.
Highland
 Riley Company, Inc.
Indianapolis
 Associated Agencies, Inc.
 Baldwin & Lyons, Inc.
 Barnes Insurance Agency
 Barton, Curle & McLaughlin, Inc.
 E. G. Bauer Agency, Inc.
 John J. Carey Ins. Agency
 Connor Insurance Agency
 Don Davis Ins. Agency
 Bruce O. Dotts, Jr.
 Gregory & Appel, Inc.
 Hawthorne Agency, Inc.
 Insurance Agencies, Inc.
 Fisk Landers Insurance, Inc.
 Maxwell-Huff, Inc.
 Pruyne & Herke, Inc.
 Joseph Roth Ins. Agency, Inc.
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 Insurance Agency
 United Ins. Agencies
 The Herman C. Wolff Co., Inc.
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 Jeffersonville Ins. Agency, Inc.
Kendallville
 Wagner Insurance Agency, Inc.
Kentland
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Kokomo
 John L. Kiley Ins. Agency
La Porte
 L. Carl Head Taylor & Sons, Inc.
Marion
 Kloder & Thompson, Inc.
Nerritville
 Coffin, Mac Lennan & Bunn
Michigan City
 General Insurance Service, Inc.
Moon
 Dick McElroy, Inc.

Monterello
 Henry Ins. Agency, Inc.
Mount Vernon
 Byrre Agency, Inc.
Muncie
 Brady-Boyer & Miller Co.
 Morrison Gallher, Inc.
New Albany
 Lorain C. Lopp Agency
 Southern Indiana Insurance
 Agency, Inc.
New Castle
 Thorball Davis, Inc.
New Haven
 Kummig Insurance Agency
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 L. N. Summers
Richmond
 Harrington-Hubb, Inc.
Rushville
 Robert L. Scott
Scottsbluff
 Jones Ins. Agency, Inc.
Shelbyville
 Wm. J. Breckelizer Agency, Inc.
 Stanley Jones Agency, Inc.
South Bend
 Perkins-Lassady-Newser
 Agency
 Warren-Hurnback Agency, Inc.
Terre Haute
 Forrest Shaver, Inc.
Valparaiso
 Allamont Insurance, Inc.
 J. B. Bart & Son
Vincennes
 Bell Insurance Agency
Wabash
 Baker Ins. Agency
Warsaw
 Warsaw Insurance Agency, Inc.
MINNESOTA
Aitkin
 Security State Agency of
 Aitkin, Inc.
Albany
 Stearns County Ins. Agency
Albert Lea
 The Big Insurance Agency
Freeborn National Ins. Agency
Alexandria
 Douglas County Ins. Agency
Austin
 Austin National Company
 Strider-Reynolds-Caprice, Inc.
Red Lake
 First State Insurance Agency
Bernadotte
 Bernadotte
Bemidje
 Baumgartner, Inc. & IPS, Inc.
Denison
 First State Insurance Agency
Bloomington
 Grant Agency, Inc.
Bloomington
 James M. Kang, Inc.
Blue Earth
 First National Insurance Agency
Brainerd
 Upsahl Insurance Agency
 Reutter & Reutter Ins. Agcy.
Brocktonville
 Earners & Merchants
 Brocktonville Agency, Inc.
Brookville Center
 Hannay Agency, Inc.
Burnsville
 Kraus-Anderson Agency, Inc.
Cambridge
 Peoples State Agency

Chaska
 Farmers County Agency, Inc.
Chicago City
 Duck-Tisher Insurance Agency
Cloquet
 Cloquet Northern Ins. Agency
 Independent Agency, Inc.
Coleraine
 First National Agency
Coon Rapids
 Insurance Service Center
Cosmos
 Spensley Agency, Inc.
Cottonwood
 Insurance Service Agency
Deer River
 Fallon Insurance Service
Detroit Lakes
 Schiller Agency, Inc.
Duluth
 Hunter Agency, Inc.
 Lombard-Hood-Mason Co.
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 Prindle-Jones Company
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East Grand Forks
 East Grand Forks Ins. Agency
Edina
 Valley Suburban Agency, Inc.
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 Kovach Shasta Agency, Inc.
Excelsior
 Roger Hennessy Agency, Inc.
Faumont
 Rolloff Insurance Agency
 Security Insurance Agency
Fairbault
 Odum Agency, Inc.
Fergus Falls
 Kroneman Insurance Agency
 Reitan-Larson Company
Glencoe
 Nordin Insurance Center
Grand Rapids
 Billingsley Agency, Inc.
Hastings
 Northwestern Insurance Agency
Hibbing
 The Hibbing Insurance Agency
 Matchless Insurance Agency
Hopkins
 Prudner Agency
 Hopkins Insurance Agency
Hugo
 First State Insurance Agency
Hutchinson
 Madison Agency
International Falls
 Bringerman Insurance Agency
Lake City
 Lake City Agency, Inc.
Lakefield
 First State Bank Agency
Lewiston
 Llewellyn Insurance Agency
Lindstrom
 The Volor Agency
Litchfield
 First State Insurance Agency
Little Falls
 Little Falls Insurance Agency
Lovelle
 First National Insurance Agency
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Montello
 Mankato Insurance Agency
 Willard Agency, Inc.
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Mid-America Insurance Agency
Minneapolis
Anker, Inc.
Ariston Insurance Agency
Paul Burke & Associates, Inc.
Central Insurance Agency
Chandler-Lang Agency, Inc.
Gene Christensen Agency, Inc.
Consumers, Inc.
D & K Agency Corporation
David Agency, Inc.
Deworsky Agency, Inc.
The Eichhorn Agency, Inc.
Elster Agency, Inc.
P. M. Fausley Company
Fidelity Insurance Agency
T. C. Field & Company of
Minneapolis
Herold-Allen Agency
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Kelly Insurance Agency
Kautson Insurance Agency
Lestor Insurance Agency
Marquette Insurance Agency, Inc.
Mid-Continent Agencies, Inc.
Minneapolis National Ins.
Agency
Murphy Insurance Agency, Inc.
Nordstrom-Larpenberg Agency
Olson Agency
Kenneth F. Peterson Company
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Pioneer Agency, Inc.
J. A. Price Agency, Inc.
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RHM-Insurance
Joseph H. Schanfield Co.
Stelzer Insurance Agency
The Towle Company
Turnbull Agency
Twin City Insurance Agency
Underwood-Kelbler Agency
Minnesota
First State Insurance Agency
Monticello
Postle's Insurance Agency
Neenah
Neenah Agency, Inc.
Neenah
Philbert Insurance
New Brighton
Midwest Area, Inc.
Northfield
Northfield Insurance Agency
The Northwest Ins. Agency
North St. Paul
American Home Agency
Oaseo
Northwestern State Ins. Agency
Papineauville
First State Insurance Agency
Pine City
First Insurance Agency
Pipestone
Pipestone Insurance Agency
Plymouth
Miller-Harrington Agency, Inc.
Peoples Agency, Inc.
Princeton
John W. Barton Agency
Proctor
First National Company
Richfield
Summit Agency of Richfield
Robbinsdale
Kendro-Hakkarinen Agency
Robbinsdale Insurance Agency
Rochester
C. O. Brown Agency, Inc.
Norbert F. Fitzpatrick Agency
Walter C. Heits Agency, Inc.
Roseville
Anderson Agency, Inc.
St. Cloud
Mahowald Insurance Agency
St. Louis Park
Associated General Agcy., Inc.

St. Paul
Buchanan-Anderson, Inc.
C & S Agency, Inc.
Cathcart & Maxwell, Inc.
Compass Agency, Inc.
The Drew Agency, Inc.
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Northeast Agency, Inc.
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Robinson Agency, Inc.
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Wight Agency, Inc.
Wollgram Agency, Inc.
St. Paul Center
First National Insurance Agency
St. Paul
Murray County Insurance Agency
South St. Paul
Apollo Agency
Scherman Insurance Agency
Spring Lake Park
Spring Lake Park Agency, Inc.
Spring Valley
First National Insurance Agency
Stephen
Farmers State Insurance Agency
Thief River Falls
Thief River State Insurance Agency
Virginia
Paul S. Engman Agency
Pepelnjak Insurance Agency
Wabasha
First State Insurance Agency
Waconia
First National Agency of
Waconia, Inc.
Wadena
M. J. Beer Insurance Agency
Waseca
Pat J. Mc Mahon Agency
Walker
Krempp P. Schmidt Ins. Agcy.
Waukegan
Village Insurance Service
Waseca
First National Insurance Agency
Waseca Insurance Agency
Wayzata
Wayzata Agency, Inc.
Wheeler
First State Insurance Agency
White Bear Lake
Beutler Agency, Inc.
Wilder
Wallmar Insurance Agency
Windsor
First National Insurance Agency
Winona
Winona Agency, Inc.
Winnetka
J. L. Sterner Agency, Inc.
Worthington
Servitus Insurance Agency
Zumbro Falls
Zumbro Falls Insurance Agency
WISCONSIN
Appleton
Culley Agencies, Inc.
Insurance Seven, Inc.
Zurbrugg Ins. Agency
Ashland
Harold Arnold Ins. Agency, Inc.
Jim & Jerry Nemes Ins. Agency
Augusta
The Kinross Insurance Service
Danielson
Inhl Ins. Agency
Deerpark
Central Agency, Inc.
Deer Park
Fredrick-Bawley Agency
Delford
Burt S. A. Corporation
Berlin
Kretzmann Agency, Inc.
Brookfield
First Associated Ins. Agencies

Burlington
Culberson-Larsen, Inc.
Mangold Insurance, Inc.
Butler
Anchor-Butler Ins. Agency
Cameroon
The Cameroon Agency
Chetek
The Chetek Agency, Inc.
De Pere
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De Soto
J. C. Gillispie Ins. Agency
Don Claire
Mc Dermid Agency, Inc.
Elmwood
The Service Agency, Inc.
Evansville
Eager & Sons
Fond du Lac
Paul Behrman Agencies, Inc.
Wellens & Son Ins. Agency
Fort Atkinson
Hedberg, Inc.
Freedom
Collyer Ins. Services
Genoa City
Bantister Ins. Agency
Green Bay
Feldhausen-Fiehl Ins. Agency
Joski Insurance Agency
Mayhugh Ins. Agency, Inc.
Mogenson Insurance Agency
Winger Insurance, Inc.
Jenewille
Green and Mac Donald, Inc.
The Floyd Yeomans Agency
Kaukauna
Horn-Simon, Inc.
Kenosha
J. J. Bear & Son, Inc.
Cunningham Insurance, Inc.
Ed Morris Ins. Agency
J. R. Mulich Agency
J. R. Schmitt Agency, Inc.
George Timm & Co., Inc.
Webster Agency, Inc.
La Crosse
Holley & Company, Inc.
La Farge
Robert P. Vosen Agency
Lake Geneva
Interstate Ins. Exchange, Inc.
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BOOKTALK

Still think playing pro ball is fun?
Peter Gent's first novel will fix that

Peter Gent, who labored for several seasons as a Dallas Cowboy receiver, has undergone a startling metamorphosis: he appears now as Peter Gent, author of the best-selling novel *South Dallas Forts* (Morrow, \$7.95). As fiction, the book leaves a lot to be desired, but as a study of the lives pro football players lead it merits serious consideration.

One of the oddities of sports literature is that football has yet to produce any long fiction of genuine quality. Don DeLillo's *End Zone* and James Whitehead's *Seven Years Close* have both got bogged down—exactly as *South Dallas Forts* does—in attempts to use football as a metaphor for American values. By comparison, there are some first-class novels: *Friday* by Bernard Malamud, Mark Harris and Robert Coover's. The question has never been given thoughtful critical scrutiny, but it may be simply that the pastoral nature of football lends itself more readily to workable metaphor than does the violent confusion of football. There is plenty of both violence and confusion in *South Dallas Forts*. The violence is intentional. The confusion is not.

There is a seeming order to the novel's structure. Each of the seven chapters covers one day in the life of Phil Elliott, a 19-year-old wide receiver for a Dallas pro team. The Gent has made extensive use of the flashback technique, and a J. P. Marquand he is not, his shifts from present to past are awkward, and the reader is frequently befuddled by them.

One must be charitable, however, not merely to apostate wide receivers but to first novelists in general, and structure may be the most difficult native technique to master. Even though he wobbles back and forth between past and present, Gent does manage to draw up a credible plot and to build his novel steadily to its conclusion. He makes the obligatory author's disclaimer "all the characters in this book are fictitious," and so forth—but it reads for all the world like a girdern novel is a lot, and a number of people associated with the Cowboys are likely to read it with the shock of recognition. Chief among them would seem to be Clint Murchison, Tom Landry, Don Meredith and Bob Hayes, suffice it to say that the last two will enjoy the book considerably more than the first two.

For that matter, the only people in pro football who are going to like the novel much are the game's axemen, if Dave Meggyey had written a novel instead of *Out of This League* it would have been like *South Dallas Forts*. Which is to say that the players in Gent's world are not the beefy humanitarians the NFL would like us to think them, but in-

continued

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BOOKTALK *continued*

secure, violence-prone hulks who get high for the game on drugs, who soothe postgame blues with booze, and who indulge themselves in an endless round of sexual satisfactions, some of them bizarre.

Phil Elliott is the veteran wide receiver who has fallen to the second string and feels strongly that his insouciant manner and hostility to football's various sacred cows have more to do with his demotion than his performance on the field. As the narrator, he is at once insider and outsider; he is a part of the team and detests being on the bench. But he is also a counter-culture who reads books, smokes pot and views the world he inhabits with condescending detachment.

A good deal happens to Elliott in the 314 pages of *North Dallas Forty*, and a good deal of it cannot be described in the pages of a family magazine. This is not the sports book for grandma or for sonny, unless grandma or sonny happens to be unusually salty. But if much of what Gent describes is offensive, by and large it has the ring of authenticity. He has, after all, been there himself; he may be talking out of school, but there is no reason to think he is fibbing.

What Gent has to say is that the medicine chests of pro football locker rooms are filled with potent uppers and pain-killers. "I hopped up and sat on top of one of the equipment trunks and watched the eye-blinking, jaw-working and lip-licking that indicated several of my teammates were beginning to feel the effects of their amphetamines." He says that a player is forced to compete against both opponents and teammates. "There is no team, no loyalty, no camaraderie; there is only him alone." He says that fear is ever-present. "... the one thing that makes a professional football player [in] intense and constant fear."

Those are serious charges, and whether they have been satisfactorily answered by the pro football Establishment is very much open to question. It must be said, however, that they have been made before, ad nauseum, and things seem to go on as usual. Therefore *North Dallas Forty* is less interesting for its predictable muckraking than for its poignant attempt to tell us what it is really like to be a pro football player.

"Football players aren't people who leave home to try and play football," Gent writes. "They are football players who come home to try and play people." That is the novel's real theme. Football players are "not like other people" because of the fierce pressures of the game, and the equally fierce joy of playing it, consume their existence.

It is too bad that Gent does not concentrate on that. Instead, he trots out a squad of themes—violence, homosexuality and the like—that clutter the book. Still, *North Dallas Forty* is a surprisingly good novel—for a wide receiver.

—JONATHAN YARDLY

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

THE REBELLION CONTINUES

The controversial Tunney sports bill, which provides for a degree of federal supervision of amateur sport (SCORECARD, Oct. 8), has been watered down a bit as it moves toward its moment of decision in the Senate. Part of the vitriolic process is another bill proposed to the House of Representatives by Congressman Bob Mathias, the Olympic decathlon champion in 1948 and 1952, which avoids federal control and deals only with the Olympics.

The much criticized U.S. Olympic Committee is adamantly against the Tunney bill but supports the Mathias one. Athletes generally favor Tunney and reject Mathias, much to the distress of Philip O. Krumm, president of the USOC. When Krumm became president of the Olympic Committee after the 1972 Games at Munich, one of his first moves was to name seven athletes to the USOC board of directors, a gesture of conciliation toward the outspokenly discontented competitors. The seven in turn created an advisory council of representatives from 33 Olympic sports. This council met for the first time earlier this month in Chicago, where its prime topic was the Tunney sports bill. Krumm and USOC executive director Don Miller spoke to the group to explain their opposition to it.

"You're not getting anything from it," Krumm said. "I can't find any merit in any part of the bill. It's the worst thing that can happen to this country, to everyone in this room. I for one am going to do everything I can to keep rotten politics out of sport."

Willie Davenport, 1968 Olympic hurdle champion, asked, "Why is a federal board, appointed by the President, confirmed by the Senate, and containing at least one athlete, rotten politics? Can't we trust anyone but you? Sure it's a bureaucracy. But we've got a bureaucracy now, and one that's not doing its job."

After Krumm and Miller left, the athletes voted on a resolution in support of

the Tunney bill. When Krumm phoned later to find how the vote had gone, he was told the resolution had passed by a 25-4 vote. "Oh my God," he said.

GOLDEN OLDIES

As indicated a couple of months ago (SCORECARD, Sept. 24), Australia has turned to the past in its effort to regain the Davis Cup. For this weekend's semifinal matches against Czechoslovakia in Melbourne, the Aussies named Ken Rosewall, 39, Mal Anderson, 38, Rod Laver, 35, and John Newcombe, 29. Rosewall returns to Davis Cup competition after an absence of 17 years. Laver last played for the cup 11 years ago.

The senescent quality of the Aussie cuppers strengthens the feeling that tennis Down Under is going under. Only a few outstanding young prospects are on the horizon, and none of them was good enough to be picked ahead of the elderly stars. But if Australia's future is bleak, its immediate present is bright. American tennis expert Bud Collins said, "It might be the oldest Davis Cup team in history, but it is also probably the best."

A SLICE OF THE PIE

Next week's rich sequence of college football games, climaxed Saturday afternoon by Ohio State-Michigan and USC-UCLA, has been well publicized by television and will please most football fans. The only sounds of protest are faint cries from places such as Xavier University in Cincinnati, which has never appeared on an NCAA televised game. It is not that Xavier feels it should be on TV instead of, say, Ohio State. Not at all. What bothers Xavier is simply that these rich NCAA football shows on television are in direct competition with its own modest game. To be specific, Xavier had a home game scheduled with Toledo University for Saturday, Nov. 24. Because it was obvious that Xavier-Toledo was not going to entice many folks from the tube, the game was shifted to Friday afternoon, a day earlier. A game played at 2

p.m. on a Friday is not going to attract many people either, especially since Nebraska-Oklahoma is on TV that afternoon, but at least those who do come, including the players and coaches, will be able to watch the big games on Saturday.

The irony does not amuse Xavier Athletic Director Jim McCafferty, who says he has no criticism of the NCAA's efforts to put its best games on television. What he does question is the inequity. The big football schools not only gain large chunks of TV money, their televised efforts directly and adversely affect the already meager income of schools such as Xavier, whose football program is struggling for survival. McCafferty says, "I think the NCAA should put part of its TV revenue into a fund for schools that never appear on its televised games."

LIKE MOUNT EVEREST

News in the American Basketball Association continues to be made by bad-tempered coaches. A few days after Bill van Breda Kolff's four-technical night (SCORECARD, Nov. 12), Bobby Leonard of the Indiana Pacers came close to that performance with three technicals. But



despise his numerical inferiority, Leonard topped van Breda Kolff's show of temperament by throwing the Pacers' ball rack at the referee. This set a new high, or low, in childish behavior for Leonard, whose previous extreme had been a petulant scattering of books and papers from the scorers' table during an earlier game.

Leonard was fined \$1,000, the largest fine ever levied by the ABA, and was

continued

suspended long enough to miss a Pacer game against Utah. The only grace note in all this was the coach's answer when he was asked why in the world he had thrown the ball rack. "Well, it was right there," he explained.

PERCENTAGE PLAYER

After O. J. Simpson carried the ball 39 times in one game a couple of Mondays ago to break Harry Newman's ancient National Football League record for most carries in one game, the *Detroit News* revealed something else about Newman that Simpson would dearly love to match. That was Harry's contract. Newman was a big gate attraction and a shrewd bargainer. The former Michigan star signed with the New York Giants for \$11,000, a pretty good sum in those days, and 10% of the Giants' gate receipts. In his second season his share was raised to 20%. In Newman's day professional football crowds rarely went much beyond 30,000, and tickets cost only a dollar or two. The night Simpson broke Newman's ball-carrying record he did it before 76,000 spectators who had paid from \$5.50 to \$12 for their seats. Let's see, O.J.—20% of 76,000 times an average of let's say \$8 a seat times seven home games a year.

SHAGGY SWIMMER STORY

The Swimming Hall of Fame in Fort Lauderdale, Fla. has a dog as its official mascot. The breed? Spitz. The dog's name?

AND THEY'RE LUCKY, TOO

Striking a blow for the amateur golfer, an eight-handicap player from San Francisco named Hal Gevertz says he is not too impressed by most of the sub-70 rounds turned in by touring professionals. "By PGA tournament recommendations," says Gevertz, "fairways are mowed every day to a uniform height. Professional golfers detest fluffy lies; the average amateur gets fluffy lies every round. The greens are cut and rolled to a height of three-sixteenths of an inch, usually every morning and sometimes every night, too. There is no inconsistency in the height of the grass on the greens when the pros play, no unified ball marks, no loose impediments, no newly applied top dressing. Usually, there are catcher's mat greens that hold the shots, and to give the pros additional comfort

the galleries that gather around the greens form a target, as well as a backstop for stray shots.

"Tournament roughs are cut to four or five inches in height, and crowds of spectators tramp down the rough adjacent to the fairways, thus giving the pros more areas for good lies. Amateurs often lose golf balls in the rough, but professionals don't."

Gevertz concludes, "I think we amateurs should be awarded about five strokes per round."

A-HUNTING WE WILL GO

Three quick hunting stories. First, a Minnesota man named Arthur Holz shot a big buck and lashed it to his snowmobile for safekeeping. When he came back an hour later, the snowmobile was missing. Holz followed the trail and found a bear dragging away deer and snowmobile together. Heyelled, and the bear dropped his prize and ran off. When the bear, hungry for either deer or snowmobile, came back later, another member of Holz' hunting party shot it.

Second, on a country road near Battle Ground, Wash., Dennis Hammond was dressing out his newly shot deer when a car pulled up. Two men hopped out and came over to look at the hunter's prize. As Hammond chatted amiably with one of the men, the other quietly walked back to the car, took out his own rifle and hijacked the deer at gunpoint.

Finally, in Iowa mules are used for coon hunting. In fact, one hunting area near Decorah has a sign saying COON HUNTING WITH MULES ONLY. The mules are used because they are surefooted in the dark, don't stumble over logs or rocks and don't mind dogs running under their legs or hunters shooting off their backs. Prices for a trained mule range from \$600 to \$1,200. They can also be used to hunt rattlesnakes. Just thought you'd like to know.

LEG IT

The first entry received for the initial running of the Maryland Marathon next Saturday bore the name Katherine Switzer. Kathy Switzer is the woman who made headlines in 1967 when she forced her way into the Boston Marathon and had to wrestle her way past outraged officials. At the time, many thought the Switzer gambit was a stunt, but in the years since, the 26-year-old Ms. Switzer

has demonstrated the legitimacy of her running skills.

"We aren't weird," she says of women marathoners. "The public has to accept that. And we aren't weaklings. There's a terrible fear that running farther than 1,500 meters might strain us, but I think we have a tremendous potential that has not been realized."

Marathon promoters have changed since 1967 and, recognizing the promotion value of women entrants, actively seek them out. The remarkably attractive Ms. Switzer would now like one more change. "If I finish 10th in a race," she said, "and there are 15 trophies, I'd much rather have the 10th-place prize than a first-place one for women. We should be rewarded on merit, not sex."

PLUS FACTOR

It was duly noted earlier this football season (SEE PAGE 24) that the University of Mississippi's press book had listed the score of Louisiana State's last-second victory over Ole Miss in 1972 as "Ole Miss 16, LSU 10-7-7." After LSU's 51-14 squeaking of Mississippi a couple of Saturdays ago, the LSU student newspaper ran the following headline over its report of the game: OLS MISS 14, LSU: 10+7+6+7+7+7+7.

THEY SAID IT

- Bob Devaney, Nebraska athletic director: "Johnny Rodgers is not only the greatest athlete I ever coached, he is the greatest athlete I have ever seen. The only thing he could not do real well was drive a car."
- Dick Selzer, University of Wisconsin assistant coach, on how coaches handle the frustrations of a losing season: "When I get frustrated, I go home and pick a fight with my wife. I'm 5-5 for the season at home."
- Tody Smith, Houston Oilers defensive end: "The Chicago Bears are very physical, but I would not say that they are dirtier than anybody else. Let's just say they are extremely over."
- Dennis Nelson, Baltimore Colt offensive tackle, when sportswriters surround him after a game: "Leave me alone. I'm a lineman. I want to be obscure."
- Johnny Carson, on reports that Spiro Agnew might be a part owner of a team in the proposed World Football League: "Who'd want to watch a team called the Chicago Nolo Contenderes?"

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DOUBLE JEOPARDY FOR THE BRUINS

Boston came through a mini-Stanley Cup week with a tenuous hold on first place—and the icy realization that it is basically a two-man team

by MARK MULVOY

They sit on opposite sides of the Boston Bruins' dressing room, unmindful of each other because of a paneled pole between them that probably keeps the fusty old Boston Garden from falling down. In a few minutes the Bruins will take the ice against the champion Montreal Canadiens, but now Phil Esposito (*see cover*) and Bobby Orr—the National Hockey League's only two-man team—are psyching themselves for The Great Hockey Show they soon will be staging once again.

The room is strangely quiet as Esposito stands up and winks at the red horn suspended from the shelf above his seat. When Esposito's grandmother gave him the horn, she assured him it would always ward off the *malocchio*, the evil eye. Now the superstitious Esposito would rather play on roller skates than miss his pre-game wink. Sitting down, Esposito pulls on a tattered black T shirt, making sure it is inside out and backwards, and pins a St. Christopher medal to his suspenders. Then he deliberately sets his hockey stick onto the carpeted floor squarely between his outstretched legs, with the taped blade pointing in a north-west direction, and places his black and white gloves palms up alongside the butt end of the stick. At this precise instant Frosty Forristall, the team's assistant trainer, appears with a container of baby powder and splatters it on the blade of Esposito's stick. As Forristall walks away, Esposito looks sharply around for some unlucky omen, like a turned-over paper cup or, shriek, crossed hockey sticks.

Across the room Orr has been casually rolling two sticks together in his

hands. Suddenly he gets up, puts aside one of the sticks and walks around the room, tapping each of his teammates on the leg with the remaining stick. When Orr finishes, the Bruins line up single file for the short walk to the ice. Counting heads and helmets, Esposito motions Ken Hodge into the 15th position in the line, falls in behind Hodge and tells the backup goaltender—Rookie Ken Broderick—to follow him. It is time to get the show on the road.

Like Ruth and Gehrig, Cousy and Russell, Hornung and Taylor, Esposito and Orr dominate their sport from the box office to the record books to the playing surface. They sell out nearly everywhere, even at times in sunny California, and when one of them does not win the scoring championship and/or the Most Valuable Player award, the other usually does; indeed, they have taken the last five scoring titles and four of the last five MVP trophies. Last week Esposito and Orr had their act in peak form as the drastically revamped Bruins, playing with seven newcomers in the lineup, collided head on with the New York Rangers and the Canadiens in a mini-Stanley Cup showdown. When the week's curtain came down, Boston was somehow clinging tenuously to first place in the East.

Poor Esposito. While most of Orr's hockey accomplishments already are legend, Esposito still cannot shake the

image of "garbage collector" that was thrust on him during his days with the Chicago Black Hawks. Throughout his 10 years in the NHL Esposito has spent perhaps 75% of his ice time playing alongside either Orr or Bobby Hull, and he admittedly has suffered by comparison. Orr and Hull are the game's blond bombers, matinee idols and pinup poster boys, and their scrubbed faces appear in countless commercial messages. In contrast, Esposito is a slow, plodding skater with features the opposite of fair. Except for Lou Angotti of the St. Louis Blues, he has the worst case of five o'clock shadow in hockey. "When I scored 76 goals three years ago," Esposito says, "I was not offered one new major endorsement." Still, he recognizes his identity problem and seems to be reconciled to the fact that large advertisers shun him.

"You can't compare Orr and me or Hull and me," he says. "They bring people to their feet. They are spectacular players. Orr is the best player in the game; I know it and I admit it. I also know that my role is to score goals, to pick up loose pucks and put them behind the goaltender any way I can. So that's what I try to do—and the people still call me a garbage collector. That's life, I'm afraid."

Despite what others say about him, Esposito is the complete center, as he proved conclusively in Team Canada's games with the Soviet Union last year. He is tall and strong, as was that prince

continued

Even the highly Orr was brought down to ice at times, while all the league feared the blast of Montreal's sharpshooter Yvan Cournoyer.



of centers, Jean Beliveau, and a man to cause terror whenever he skates within 20 feet of the net. He has hockey's best wrist shot, although he prefers to call it a snap shot, and he invariably shoots without looking at the net. "I have developed a feel for where it is, just as John Havlicek has a knack for knowing where the basket is," Esposito says. "Besides, taking even the quickest look wastes precious time." He estimates that maybe 80% of his goals each season come on either snap shots fairly close in to the goal or artful deflections. Once stationed in front of the net, the 210-pound Esposito is a difficult man to dislodge. He uses his long arms and a powerful body to fend off defensemen while waiting for one of his wings, Wayne Cashman or Ken Hodge, to get the puck from the corners or for Orr to blast away from the blue line. Sometimes, though, he pays a physical price for staking out his position; two weeks ago he lost sight of an Orr shot

and the puck broke his nose. He was lucky to be playing at all, having suffered a severe knee injury in the playoffs last April.

Esposito, Hodge and Cashman have scored more points than any other NHL line since Harry Sinden, then the Boston coach, first tried them together in 1969. Hodge, a 6'2", 210-pound right wing, is a combination corner man and goal scorer, while Cashman, one of the three best punchers in the NHL, confines most of his activity to the corner boards. The pugnacious Cashman usually starts his fights with a decided advantage; he is a southpaw, something his opponents forget until his left hand has connected half a dozen times. "Without Cashman and Hodge," says Esposito, "I wouldn't score half as many goals."

Unlike most high-scoring lines, Esposito, Cashman and Hodge have not yet acquired a fancy nickname on the order of Buffalo's French Connection (severed now with Center Gilbert Perreault sidelined by a broken leg) and New York's Gag (Goal-a-Game) Line. Boston fans have offered a number of possibilities, however. One suggested Esposito's Mosquitoes, because "they buzz, hum and draw blood." Another lobbied for the CHE line, because "they are revolutionary, like Che Guevara."

The Mosquitoes were scoring goals at a record pace as the Bruins buzzed into New York in midweek to play the struggling Rangers, who had not won a game in seven starts and faced a wholesale shakeup if they did not beat Boston. These were the same Rangers who had handily disposed of the Bruins in the opening round of the Stanley Cup, but now they seemed helplessly adrift on the ice floes of the NHL. As a none-too-gentle reminder of the realities of November 1973, General Manager Emile Francis told the Rangers, "Don't send your laundry to the cleaners."

Esposito, with 16 goals in 12 games, Hodge with 10 and Cashman with five had thus far outscored 10 of the NHL's 16 teams, including the Rangers. Nevertheless, that fact depressed Sinden, now the Boston general manager. "People think we're a two-man and one-line team," Sinden said before the game, "and it scares me to think they may be right."

Sinden's fears were realized that night as the Rangers rudely routed the Bruins 7-3. New York's Larry Popenin, a rookie



New boy in goal, Montreal: Wayne Thomas.



coach fighting to save his job, assigned his strongman, Center Walter Tkaczuk, the job of neutralizing Esposito, and though Tkaczuk followed him everywhere except the Boston dressing room, Esposito managed to score two more goals—his 17th and 18th of the year. Orr got the final Boston goal with an assist from Esposito—did someone say two-man team?—but Boston never truly threatened New York's early lead.

Back in Boston, the Bruins and the Canadiens arrived at Logan Airport at just about the same time, but the Montreal players were smiling easily and kidding one another while the Boston players wore grumpy faces. While the Bruins were losing in New York, the Canadiens had taken over first place in the East by a meager point with a 4-1 victory over the Maple Leafs in Toronto. Yvan (Roadrunner) Cournoyer already had scored 10 goals, Jacques Lemaire's new hairpiece hadn't slowed him down and



In a fine Gallic rage, Montreal's Henri Richard protests game-winning goal in Boston

a phone call from Dryden. Thomas' future suddenly acquired a stronger French accent, for Dryden revealed that he was going to retire.

Even so, Thomas was still Montreal's No. 3 goalie behind Michel Plasse and rookie Bunny Larocque. Plasse had a disastrous training camp, so Larocque opened the season in goal. After two impressive performances, Larocque played poorly in back-to-back losses to Toronto and Atlanta at the Forum. So Coach Scotty Bowman tried Thomas against the Rangers and has kept him in goal ever since. "It's strictly confidence," Thomas says. "Last year I knew that no matter how well I played, I'd go back to the bench when Dryden was ready. Now I know I can be the No. 1 goaltender on my own merit." Although Thomas had not dressed for any of Montreal's Stanley Cup games last spring, in Boston he displayed a cup ring. "I wear it with a certain amount of guilt," he said, laughing.

Over at the Garden, Derek Sanderson, the deposed center who now plays for the minor league Boston Braves, welcomed Esposito when he arrived for the game. "You guys sure were good in New York," he said. "I was watching from my bed, and I had to reach over and turn the television to Kojak for a little excitement. They ought to keep that tape and use it to show kids how not to play hockey." True. That night, however, the Bruins and the Canadiens played what Bobby Orr rightfully called "hockey the way it was meant to be played." Thomas and the equally new Boston goaltender, Gilles Gilbert, matched incredible save for incredible save. Both teams hit cleanly—and often. Esposito did his customary stunts with Cashman and Hodge, performed on the power play, killed penalties and occasionally centered a fourth line for a pair of rookie wings. Orr was on the ice for at least three of every four minutes, but still the Bruins trailed 1-0 after two periods. Then Esposito and Orr turned it on.

Squaring off against Peter Mahovlich on a power play, Esposito won the face-off and shot the puck into the corner. He went into the boards, collected the puck, faked a pass to the covered Cashman in front of Thomas and then slid a pass to Johnny Bucyk, who was skating at Thomas on the left wing. Bucyk wait-

ed for Thomas to move and then deposited the puck between the goaltender's legs. Later, with the clock running out, Orr departed on one of his typical rink-long rushes. This time, though, he stopped against the right boards and flicked a wrist shot toward the net. Thomas reacted quickly, blocking the shot with his right glove, but the puck seemed to hang in midair for a second. Thomas swept at it, but so did rookie Left Wing Dave Forbes. Forbes connected and drove the puck past Thomas for the goal that catapulted the Bruins back into first place.

Henri Richard, in Stanley Cup form historically, argued with passion that the goal was null and void because Forbes hit the puck with his stick raised above his shoulders. His protest was ignored, and as the race among hockey's top teams warmed up, this was clear: Boston would be null without Orr, void without Esposito.

END



New boy in goal, Boston: Gilles Gilbert

suddenly Montreal no longer seemed concerned about Goaltender Ken Dryden's defection to a law firm. Taking Dryden's place now was another product of a U.S. college—Wayne Thomas of the University of Wisconsin—and he had allowed only 11 goals in the last eight games. "He is playing for us the way Kenny always did," said Captain Henri Richard. "He keeps us in the game with four or five big saves early, then we beat them in the last 30 minutes. Really, it is no different from last year."

Thomas was Montreal's No. 3 goaltender last season. He had presumed that his future would be with Detroit or Pittsburgh or even the World Hockey Association. He had played in only 10 games for the Canadiens, and while he had lost only once and achieved a fine 2.37 goals-against average (Dryden's was 2.26), there was little chance Thomas would play in Montreal as long as Dryden was there. Then one night Thomas received

AND THEN HE STRUCK IT RICH ON NO. 19

Atlanta Coach Norm Van Brocklin placed his bets on 7 (Pat Sullivan) and 11 (Dick Shiner) before getting lucky with Bob Lee

by **TEX MAULE**

Five weeks ago Norm Van Brocklin ranked up there with William Tecumseh Sherman in the esteem of most Atlantans—although his Falcons were a long way from marching through anything, particularly the National Football League. In fact, after overpowering New Orleans 62-7 in the season opener, they lost three games in a row without scoring a touchdown.

Van Brocklin, who had decided on his quarterback more by default than logic, was determined to prove that journeyman Dick Shiner could win for the Falcons, although he had never won consistently for any other team. The Dutchman was rescued from his mulishness in the fourth game of the season, when Shiner was injured playing against San Francisco, and Van Brocklin called on Bob Lee (no kin to Robert E., alas), whom he had picked up from Minnesota. Lee rallied the club from a 10-0 deficit to a 13-9 loss; since then, he has led the Falcons to five wins in a row, the most recent being last Sunday's 44-27 conquest of a surprisingly good Philadelphia Eagles team.

"The season turned around when Lee took over," Van Brocklin admitted after the game. "I guess the quality he has that Shiner and Pat Sullivan [the Heisman Trophy winner who disappointed the Dutchman in the preseason] lacked is winning. And experience. Lee was a winner when he played at Minnesota and he's a winner now."

Lee is an unlikely looking winner. Although he's listed at 6'2" and 201, he seems extraordinarily scrawny. He is lean from his ankles up, with a small birdlike head perched on a slim neck, and a freckled face dominated by a beaked nose. But he is an accurate passer and agile at eluding the pass rush; he doesn't have to be an acute play selector since Van Brock-

lin sends in the calls via messenger guards. Lee has another quality essential to all winning quarterbacks—a very strong sense of his own competence.

In the dressing room after the Eagle game he coolly answered the questions of a knot of writers, reversing a role he played as a teen-ager when he interviewed players for his father, a wire-service reporter. Lee was tucking himself into a spectacular shirt striped vertically in red and two shades of blue, and a blue denim suit. He has a thick shock of reddish-gold hair that falls over his eyes, and his face is a reddish tan. The explosion of color is oddly at variance with his quiet, measured voice.

Someone asked him if the team's sudden success was due to his taking over at quarterback. "You are asking me to evaluate myself," he said seriously. "I can't do that. I suggest that you ask that question of the other players." He thought about that for a moment and appeared to grow irritated. "What do you want me to say? If you want me to say it's because I'm the best quarterback, I think I am."

It would be difficult to quarrel with that estimate. Lee had not been at his best against the Eagles, which he freely admitted. "I wasn't as sharp as I have been," he said. "We came off two very emotional games, and it was hard to keep a peak this week. But we won, and that's what counts."

Van Brocklin said the same thing. "It wasn't artistic, but it was a win. The Eagles are a heck of a club. They score a lot, so we had to score a lot. We went four games this year without scoring a touchdown. So we went for five today. And Lee is a winner. I told you that."

The Eagles, under Mike McCormack, their new head coach, are an exciting team, a true test for any club. They have



exceptional offensive personnel, and Roman Gabriel, the quarterback who cost them two players, two first-draft choices and a third, appears to be worth it.

"He's got a new lease on life since he left Fairyland," said Van Brocklin. Fairyland to the Dutchman is Los Angeles, where he spent most of his time as a player. "He stabilizes the club," Van Brocklin went on, "and he's got some great receivers to throw to in Charles Young and Harold Carmichael. That Carmichael's a great athlete. He can eat apples off the tree without using his hands." Carmichael is 6'8", and he caught six passes for 105 yards and a touchdown against Atlanta, which has the NFC's best pass defense.

Gabriel completed 21 of 33 for 221 yards against that defense. Lee was nowhere near as spectacular; he had 12 of 23 for 109 yards and one touchdown, but he handled the Falcon offense almost flawlessly, and the passes he completed kept drives alive.

"Playing for a coach who was a great quarterback has advantages," he said. "He's been there so he knows your problems. But it has disadvantages, too. He was a tremendous quarterback who de-



In last Sunday's 44-27 win over Philadelphia, Lee coolly fires one past bumbling John Sadecki.

manded perfection from himself and he demands it from his quarterbacks, too. There is no admiration for second place in our society."

Then he said something about Van Brocklin that may never have been said before. The Dutchman, for good reason, had complimented Lee, and a reporter passed on the approbation to the quarterback. "Mr. Van Brocklin has been very gracious to me," Lee said. "He is a gracious man."

He was not always that gracious to Lee. The Falcons, a solid team in every respect except quarterback and field-goal-kicking, went to camp with Lee, Sullivan and Shiner, and Van Brocklin said the quarterback and kicking jobs were wide open. Lee injured the ulnar nerve in his passing arm in a scrimmage—he hit Defensive Tackle Mike Tilleman on the helmet with his elbow—and he was unable to throw well. Out of action for two weeks, he performed poorly after that. Van Brocklin shrugged off the injury. "You gotta play hurt sometimes," he muttered.

When Lee came back, he was unimpressive in a couple of exhibitions, throwing with what was, in effect, a dead arm

Sullivan, short for a pro quarterback and handicapped by a baseball-like throwing stride that reduces his 6-foot frame to about 5'3" when he lets fly, looked no better than Lee. So Van Brocklin turned to Shiner, who was slow setting up and couldn't scramble.

Then came the 49er game, in which Lee brought to life a moribund club. Asked the difference between the ineffectual Lee of the exhibition season and the Lee who vitalized the team against San Francisco, he said, "It's nice to have a good arm again."

Lee started the next week against Chicago and completed 11 of 13 passes for 181 yards and two touchdowns, as the Falcons won 46-6. He led the club to a 41-0 victory over San Diego; then, in a key game he demonstrated his winning capability by completing 11 of 13 passes for 236 yards, two touchdowns and a 17-3 victory over San Francisco that put the Falcons in the race for the Western Division championship of the NFC.

Lee underlined that challenge when the Falcons defeated Los Angeles two weeks ago 15-13 on live Nick Mike-Mayer field goals. Lee did not throw for a touchdown in that game, but his passes accounted

for 222 yards and positioned the Italian-born Hungarian placekicker for his winning field goals.

By triumphing over Los Angeles, the Falcons posed a genuine threat for the division title. They have only one really tough game remaining on their schedule—Monday night against the Minnesota Vikings in Atlanta. Then they go down the homestretch against the Jets in New York, and Buffalo, St. Louis and New Orleans at home.

All the Falcons now believe they can win from here in Philadelphia was an important test—they came in flat, fell behind 7-0, then were tied 20-20 before taking the lead for good on Eddie Ray's two-yard run.

"Winning is a state of mind," Lee said after the game. "I never thought we would lose today. You have to assume that you will win. If you think you will lose, you are going to get whipped."

When the Falcons were having difficulties during the exhibition season, some Atlanta writers speculated on the possibility of Van Brocklin making a trade for Craig Morton, the Dallas quarterback now playing behind Roger Staubach. At that time Van Brocklin had gone on record as saying that in Shiner, Sullivan and Lee he had three quarterbacks as good as anybody's. He batted .333 on that bit of bluster, which is better in baseball than it is in football.

He told an Atlanta writer, agent the trade for Morton, "To heck with Morton and to heck with your readers." The Dutchman comes up a little short as a P.R. man, although he has his warm moments. Just after abruptly cutting off his postgame interview in Philadelphia because of what he considered a stupid question, he asked an old friend into the coach's dressing room so that he could recommend a young Atlanta reporter for a promotion.

But just before that, a writer using a tape recorder thrust the microphone under his nose. Said Dutch, "Don't put that thing in my mouth, Sonny, or you'll be wearing it in a different part of your anatomy."

That hardly fits Lee's assessment of Van Brocklin as a gracious man. But, of course, all coaches are gracious with quarterbacks who put up five wins in a row. If Lee can add four more, the Dutchman will be positively genial. **END**

BLUES IN THE NIGHT FOR THE COUGARS

All Southern Illinois ever wanted to do was to beat #1/4"48 St. Louis U., and all it did, as always, was lose to the #1/4"48's **by GWILYM S. BROWN**

The frustration on Bob Guelker's face was pitiable. The father of two college soccer dynasties and a man with one of the finest coaching records in any sport, he could only wonder why it had to keep happening to him.

"It was a wonderful crowd," he said in anguish. "It was a marvelous game and it was great for soccer, but why does what's great for soccer always have to be bad for us?"

Guelker had just come from Busch Stadium in St. Louis and—well, St. Louis University had just done it to him again. On a cold Friday night last week before 20,112 steamed-up witnesses, the most ever to see a college soccer game in this country, the Billikens had slipped by Guelker's Cougars of Southern Illinois at Edwardsville by the length of an outstretched arm, 1-0. As the soccer-wise St. Louis crowd had come to expect of this series, it was a brilliant game, fast, tough and brutally defensive—and predictable. All SIU-E had gained in six previous tries was a tie.

For Guelker, a dapper man who ordinarily bears up under his burden with admirable aplomb, this latest setback was almost too galling. Going into the game, his Cougars had been one tie short of perfection, though they were starting three freshmen and three sophomores. They were unscored on in 11 straight games—another collegiate record—and they were ranked first in the country, one place ahead of St. Louis.

Most galling of all, it was Bob Guelker who made St. Louis what it is today. The Billikens were his first dynasty. A St. Louis graduate himself, he was doubting as soccer coach at St. Louis Prep Seminary and as executive secretary of the Catholic Youth Council's eight-sport, 45,000-member recreational program when he decided in 1958 that his alma mater could use a soccer team of its own. He called up Athletic Director Bob Stewart and volunteered his services.

"I can get the players for you," Guel-

ker was able to promise with certainty. "All I need from you is some money and a playing schedule."

Soon Stewart responded: "I've got you a budget of \$200 and a schedule of two games." Guelker was not ecstatic, but it was a start. The first year, St. Louis won four games and tied one. In 1959 the Billikens, then considered varsity, won 11, lost one and captured the first NCAA championship. In eight varsity seasons, Guelker, playing mostly St. Louisans out of the Catholic high school, youth-council and amateur leagues, won 95 games (with nine losses and five ties) and five NCAA championships.

Then, in 1967, Guelker decided it was time to move—though not far. He went to the Southern Illinois campus that had sprung up modern and gleaming on the rolling fields east of the Mississippi in nearby Edwardsville. He launched a soccer program, became athletic director and developed a spacious three-field practice area and a tidy soccer stadium that seats 4,000. To fill it he brought in the same talent that had made him such a genius at St. Louis U. And he has been a genius again, winning 63 games, tying six and losing only 10 in seven years. Last season he also won the NCAA's first college-division tournament. Guelker is big on those inaugurals.

The record would have been even flashier had the Cougars never heard of St. Louis U., but of course they had. All 22 starters Friday night were St. Louisans and, as everybody knows, hell bath no fury like a brawl between old buddies.

"We've known each other so well and for so long that there are no secrets left," said St. Louis co-captain Dan Counce before Friday's game. "That's what makes our games so hard-fought. No one has a problem getting up for this."

Certainly one who does not is Harry Keough, a former amateur star and junior-college coach who replaced Guelker at St. Louis. Keough works full time as

a delivery supervisor for the post office and, it would seem, full time rooting out the best players from the neighborhood. (The source is so rich that 20 colleges as far apart as Brown, the University of South Florida and the Air Force Academy have become powers using St. Louisans.) In seven years Keough's St. Louis teams have won 86 games, lost eight, tied nine, sailed through one undefeated string of 43 straight games and won four more NCAA titles, making it nine in 14 tournaments for the school.

His annual clashes with Guelker's teams have become classic examples of games that coaches euphemistically call "very physical." In 1970 Counce, whose name rhymes with pounce, thumped in the winner in a 2-1 St. Louis victory with only 10 seconds to play. In 1971 the on-field mayhem in the first half resembled a game of linebacker versus quarterback. There were merit forms sprawled all over Cougar Field. Then at halftime Keough lectured his charges on how to be nonviolent and victorious. They won again 2-1. Last year the two teams played before nearly 15,000 at



Busch Stadium in what is referred to as Edwardsville as the 3-1 tie. Two apparent goals by SIU Forward Chris Caranza were disallowed, one because he was offside and one because he had fouled a defender.

This year the signs had pointed to a breakthrough at last for Guelker. While Southern Illinois went from shutout to shutout, St. Louis looked sluggish and unimpressive, tying its opener with Missouri-St. Louis, tying nonentity Cleveland State and losing to Wisconsin-Green Bay. Possibly it was because the team was still suffering from an exhausting 15,000-mile tour of South America in August. "Maybe," said Counce, "but I think it's because we've been winners so long it's hard to stay hungry."

Keough was not particularly worried. The day of the game he said, "If we lose it's due to bad coaching. We've got the better players. Bob's got to be the one that's worried. He knows his team is not as good as that shutout record."

The analysis was prescient. Guelker's inexperienced freshmen and sophomores played an aggressive, skillful first half, then let down in the second half. The de-

fense failed to stick close to the St. Louis attackers, permitting deep penetrations, one of which produced the lethal goal. It was struck by none other than Counce, a sturdy, nimble-legged senior forward with a Fu Manchu mustache, long, tousled black hair and a fondness for puncturing Cougar hopes.

Counce's scoring thrusts in the past had been abrupt and dramatic. This time the goal came only after agonizing moments of confusion in front of the Southern Illinois net with about 25 minutes to go. A lobbed pass was headed down and away by a defending back. Billiken Midfielder Bob Matteson then stepped in to the bouncing ball and rifled a low shot goalward. The Cougar keeper, Chester Kowalewski, was partially screened by a melee of flying bodies, but his dive just managed to deflect the ball. Sensing a possible rebound, Counce burst between two defensive backs and barely prodded the ball with his left toe as it skipped by him. The ball bounced softly off the right net post and straight back again onto Counce's left foot. He nudged it into the open net and Kowalewski, flat out, could only look on in

anguish as his pristine record vanished to the accompaniment of a huge roar from the crowd and leaps, hugs and shouts from the delirious Billikens.

Ahead 1-0, St. Louis fell back on defense, allowing Southern Illinois to exhaust itself in futile attacks. SIU's high-scoring sophomore striker, John Stremmel, whose dazzling footwork had produced eight goals during the season, seemed confused by the close-guarding defense and had few chances to perform his specialty.

"It sure is frustrating," said Guelker, as he sipped his postgame beer, "but, remember, we have another shot at them."

Guelker expects that both schools will reach the NCAA Midwest Regional later this fall, probably at Edwardsville, which is a pretty fair assumption. Counce would be content to stop this year's clock with Friday's game. "Look," he said, pointing to the bruises on his legs in the locker room. "Typical of what happens in these things. In a way beating them tonight has got me worried. Now they're really going to be hot to get us at the regionals." Well, that goes for Bob Guelker. **END**

In a melee at the net, St. Louis' opportunistic Den Counce tipped the ball against the post, then nudged in the rebound for the winning score.



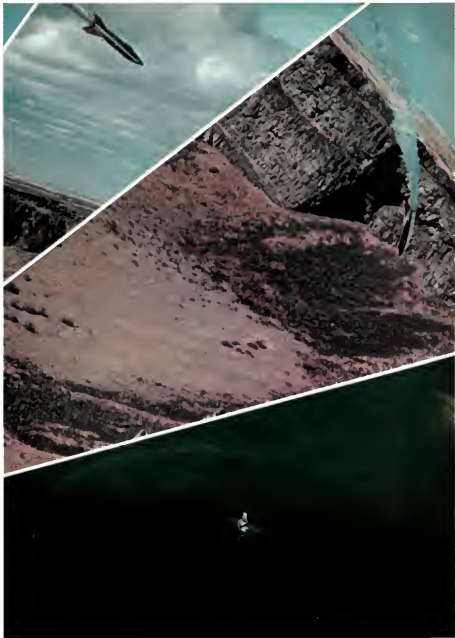


PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL FINKEL

HIGH-JUMPING TO A CONCLUSION

He shot his Sky-Cycle into the air and it fell to earth there—down in the Snake River instead of on the other side of the canyon. Well, so much for test runs; next time daredevil Evel Knievel will be aboard **by DAN LEVIN**

CONTINUED



It all happened so fast. There was Evel Knievel, a messianic glaze in his eyes, standing atop the mound of earth near the rim of a yawning canyon. Around him the landscape was almost lunar in its bleakness. Knievel was alternately waving and screaming. "Get the cameras ready!" And then, "Ten, nine, eight. . . ." At the end of his countdown the gleaming wheeled missile he calls a Sky-Cycle—13 feet of metal painted red, white and blue—blasted upward and out toward the far canyon wall. Then it began falling, spinning and twirling, a captive of the wind, a tumbling speck against the green ribbon of river 500 feet below. And finally there was a silent splash, followed seconds later by its echo up the canyon walls.

Not far away, alone in a field, Evel Knievel's mother stood weeping. And nearby his 4-year-old nephew Dustin, bewildered, looked down at the river, repeating, "My Uncle Bobby's there, my Uncle Bobby's down there."

"No he isn't," someone said, pointing to where Uncle Bobby stood smiling. For strangely enough, Robert Evel Knievel was exultant. "It was a fantastic success," he said. "The launching track worked just right." But for what was billed as the dress rehearsal of a married canyon crossing, the wet conclusion seemed inescapably ominous. Had this been the real thing, perhaps the world's greatest living testimonial to hoopla and the skills of orthopedic surgery would now be no more.

Alongside the field three miles from the center of Twin Falls, Idaho the sign looms high and wide. It displays a drawing of a man on a motorcycle, both entwined in the coils of a mammoth snake, its jaws wide, fangs menacing, about to strike at the cyclist's head. On the crash helmet is the name Evel, and below the drawing are the words SNAKE RIVER CANYON JUMP SITE. But it seems there must be some mistake. The country is almost featureless in all directions. A lumpy dirt road winds past a farmhouse and a chicken coop, then through a rocky pasture where cattle are grazing. A mile down the road is a row of cottonwood trees and, nearby, what might be an ancient pyramid with a flat top and a wide path up its front. Along the center of the path runs a slotted metal track.

From the pyramid base there is little

to be seen but trees and cows, but 250 feet up its side, from the top, the outlook is something else. Evel Knievel says, "The first time I took my wife up on the launching ramp she broke down and cried." From the top it looks like the end of the world.

Two hundred feet beyond the launching ramp everything ends. Absolutely everything. For the next quarter mile beyond, nothing moves but hawks and eagles and the magpies that nest in the canyon walls. Only dully out there is the other side, where the Sky-Cycle is supposed to land after its flight.

Next July Knievel plans to jump the canyon on his cycle. He is bored now with years of bounding over fountains and across rows of cars and trucks. He has done all that. It is time for the ultimate challenge, he feels, and canyon jumping is an unborn art form. Besides, the much-shattered Knievel feels he has about used up all his bones. "I will take on the biggest competitor of them all—death," he says. "It will be the greatest sports event of all time."

A tendency to such hyperbole is part of Evel Knievel's special charm. He sees a projected paid audience of, say, 100,000 spread out along the canyon walls. He also sees a 90-minute special of live motocross racing, followed by the filmed highlights of his career on closed-circuit theater TV outlets across the land—all climaxed with the canyon jump in live color as the grand finale. Knievel says, "We're gonna sell a million closed-circuit tickets at \$15 each."

In Twin Falls Knievel's conversation was punctuated with key words: beer, hot dogs, candy, T shirts, posters, paperback autobiography, programs, ads, closed-circuit rights. . . . "I got to adding up what all this amounts to," he says, "and I figured \$25 million, of which I get more than half."

If Knievel is to spend any of that money, the performance of his Sky-Cycle will have to improve considerably. The Sky-Cycle that crashed was Model X-1, and it had been around for two years. Three years earlier Knievel had been denied permission to jump the Grand Canyon. His new sites on private land leased from the family of farmer Tim Qualls. And while five years did seem a long wait for last week's result, Knievel's claim of success was not unexpected. The goal of the teasing was modest: to see if the Sky-Cycle would move smoothly up its steel

launching track, and that it had done. There also was some concern that once launched it would break apart, and it had not.

The takeoff track, and the dirt ramp upon which it rested, were slanted skyward at a 22° angle for the test. But the track will now be tilted to 36°, "almost straight up and down," as Knievel puts it, for his canyon jump. This will give him a higher trajectory, rather like that of a V-2 rocket across the English Channel—and more time for his parachute to open in case he has to bail out.

Knievel never expected old X-1 and its estimated 1,300 pounds of thrust to reach the other side. Getting all the way across the canyon is a job for one of two new X-2s, capable, he says, of 5,000 pounds of thrust. The X-2 will exceed 200 mph before reaching the end of the 108-foot runway, which means that Knievel will be squeezed by a force of some four Gs at top acceleration. The steepest, fastest drop on any roller coaster would not be more than two Gs, he says. "If it comes to an abrupt halt at that speed, it will jerk my insides right out my mouth."

The old X-1 had hardly hit the water when Knievel said, "I may go all the way to those power lines," pointing to some barely visible poles at least a mile beyond the canyon's far rim.

If Knievel makes the jump—and survives—much credit will be due his head project engineer, rocket expert Robert C. Truax. Knievel says of Truax, "I was told by Jim Lovell that he was the best rocket man in the world." Not a bad reference. "Well," says Truax, "I practically founded NASA." He says he told Knievel, "If you make it I want a \$10,000 bonus. And if you don't I get nothing, but you get a headstone." Knievel raised the figure to \$25,000. He would be wise to raise it every day until the jump.

A reasonable person who stands at the edge of Snake River Canyon must conclude that there is no way for Knievel to survive what he has planned. He does have a drag chute that he will release behind the cycle when it starts to descend—and a shock absorber in the nose—but even at that, Truax says the chances for a safe landing would be slim. Knievel may have more raw courage than any man alive, and he knows motorcycles, but the Sky-Cycle no more resembles a motorcycle than a Saturn rocket does a DC-10. The Sky-Cycle does have wheels,

continued

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but that is where the similarity ends. It is fired from its ramp like a rocket. There are no controls—no steering, no accelerator, just handlebars to hold on to—and Knievel will be at the mercy of a steam-powered flying object *Saww?* Robert Truax says, "Most of the ships in the U.S. Navy are powered by steam. It is the most reliable form of power because there is no ignition."

But that was all that Truax would say about steam, or about anything without Knievel's permission. And Knievel, when asked about the model X-2 Sky-Cycle, said, "It's classified information. When I bring it here it'll be under armed guard, just like a missile being hauled across the U.S."

Knievel seems convinced that the world is waiting on his every move. The night before the test jump he said he "called 200 publishers across the country" to tell them about it. "I didn't want to hurt their feelings," he said, "but now it's too late for them to come. I've got too much wrapped up in this thing to have it ruined by the wrong kind of publicity." And he spoke of a "tremendous fight" he'd had with the networks. "No TV people allowed," he kept saying. "If I see a TV camera I'll throw the guy right off the edge of the canyon."

A month before the Sky-Cycle test, while jumping over 13 cars and trucks at the Wisconsin International Raceway, Knievel bruised his back and kidneys and broke his left hand. The throttle on his motorcycle had come off its idler; nothing like that had ever happened to him before, he said, and at Twin Falls there were moments when he held his head in hands that looked like those of an oldtime baseball catcher. "Yes," Linda Knievel said, "sometimes he does have pain."

The Sky-Cycle was at the bottom of the Snake River now, and Evel Knievel said, "When I go up on that ramp and look back at my wife and Kelly and Robbie and Tracy, my kids, my mother and dad and grandparents, and when I think of my Ferraris, my Caddies, my airplanes, my \$200,000 home, my businesses, and then I look out at that canyon and realize I have to go across it and maybe lose it all, well... But I've gotta jump that canyon because I gave my word. And just before I hit that canyon wall I'll spit at that son of a gun. That's the way I want to go."

END



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NOT SUCH AN ORDINARY JOE

He has college football's best coaching record, once turned his back on \$1 million and always speaks his mind—but Penn State's Joe Paterno does not consider himself at all unusual by WILLIAM JOHNSTON



It is arguable whether Joe Paterno, at 46, is an authentic folk hero. Possibly he is not. As everyone knows, he looks a bit like the third barber down in a hotel barbershop and he talks almost as fast and as much. His inflection is not precisely heroic, either. It is true that 20 years ago he bought a tape recorder and spent a lot of time trying to trap for himself the pear-shaped pronunciations of Rex Harrison, but he gave it up on a friend's advice that he just be himself, so the characteristics of a Brooklyn upbringing remain whenever he speaks. His eyesight is bad, so he wears thick glasses and he is proud of holding the rank of full professor on the Penn State faculty and he likes to listen to Beethoven or Puccini when preparing game plans for the Penn State football team. If the ques-

tion of his folk-heroood is raised, Joe Paterno leans forward intently, resembling some kind of skinny Italian owl through those spectacles and says, "Look, I'm reluctant for people to read too much into me. I get letters from people who seem to think that if only Joe Paterno can spend 20 minutes with a kid then his troubles will all be over. Nuts! People want to give me too much credit. I'm a football coach who has won a few games—remember? Now what the hell does *that* mean? If I were an accountant no one would pay that much attention to me, right?"

Of course. Yet there are many people who firmly believe that Joe Paterno al-

ready deserves a place in the hallowed neighborhoods of Moses, Mr. Clean, Demosthenes, Joan of Arc, Knute Rockne, Father Flanagan, etc. etc. etc. One night last winter during a basketball game at Penn State, Joe Paterno rose from his seat high in the bleachers and began to make his way to the men's room. Someone saw him and began to applaud. Others joined in. The clapping spread through the gymnasium until 7,000 people were on their feet with an ovation for Paterno, and the game was halted until he managed to get out of the auditorium. It is well known that Paterno



was chosen to make the commencement address at Penn State last spring, that he once stood up to the President of the U.S. in defending his team against what he considered an insult and that the state of Pennsylvania bloomed with postcards and bumper stickers saying don't go pro, for when he was debating an offer of more than a million dollars to coach the New England Patriots. Lots of people think Joe Paterno should be gover-

nor of Pennsylvania and some of them would not even scoff at the notion of President Paterno.

Well, these are bizarre times. Most of the worship around Paterno the football coach does not arise from the fact that he has the best winning percentage of any major college football coach in America

continued

(73-13-1). Nor does it arise from the 12 All-Americas he has produced in the past seven years nor from the 12 Penn State alumne now starting on NFL teams. Nor does it arise entirely from his kinetic personality nor from his quick intelligence. The admiration for Joe Paterno springs mostly from the fact that he is a man who seems to speak truthfully and with candor and who does not believe that money is the root of all the fruits of life. It is that simple. In these days when feet of clay and souls of brass seem to be the identifying marks of so many leaders, the mere fact that Joe Paterno expresses himself with an unforced tongue is apparently enough to warrant standing ovations and hero worship.

The ironies of the situation are not lost on him and he says, "There is something really strange about a society that figures a guy is great just because he speaks his mind. Frankly, I'd like to think that there are people more qualified than a football coach to tell this society how to live. God knows there must be someone more qualified than a football coach to be governor."

Nevertheless, that is the way many people think and it is worth examining the conditions and environment by which a Flatbush-raised football coach who has spent 23 years in the backland stacks of Pennsylvania can become a potential American paragon.

University Park, Pa. used to be called State College, Pa., and it is at the exact geographical center of Pennsylvania. There is no other reason for its location. The Allegheny range and its foothills lie humped and somber for miles around. They are barely inhabited; towns used to live there. The town is 90 miles from Harrisburg, 140 from Pittsburgh, 190 from Philadelphia. It is difficult to exaggerate the degree to which the former State College, Pa., is isolated from the rest of the world. But, of course, being dead-center in the Pennsylvania wilderness meant that the main campus of Pennsylvania State University was equidistant (and equidistant to reach) from anyplace in the state. Such was the wisdom of the founding fathers when they put the college there in 1855, it is now a bustling, sophisticated oasis of 27,000 students hidden like a secret cyclotron amid the mountains and cows and rocky meadows.

For the record, Joe Paterno arrived

in 1950, a newly minted English lit graduate from Brown who had also been a branny quarterback on Rip Engle's teams and now was beginning a temporary stint as a backfield coach with Engle's new Penn State staff. He did not immediately fall in love with the desolate place some call Happy Valley. In 1956, when Rip Engle was offered the head coaching job at USC, a vote was taken among his staff as to whether they would prefer moving to California or staying in State College. The vote was 7-1 for staying put—the lone vote for abandoning Happy Valley was Paterno's.

Since then, he has taken deep root where trees from Brooklyn rarely grow. He has turned down coaching jobs of broad variety and location, among them the Baltimore Colts, the Oakland Raiders, Yale University, Michigan, the Philadelphia Eagles, the Pittsburgh Steelers and, the most famous offer of them all, the head coaching position with the New England Patriots last January. It was this last dazzling bauble which brought a true folk hero's potential to Paterno. He was promised \$1,000,000 plus over five years, about the biggest pot of gold ever offered to any mortal for being a mere weak-eyed football coach. And he said no. This not only endeared him to Pennsylvanians and led directly to the standing ovation on the way to the men's room, it also resulted in an almost immediate grass-roots assembly of a thousand people for a testimonial dinner and a collection of enough money to pay for a trip to Europe for Joe and his wife Sue (their first) and a new Dodge Charger for the Paternos. To these rewards may be added sacks of adulatory mail and laudatory editorials in such faraway newspapers as the Honolulu *Star-Bulletin* ("There's more to life than one million dollars") and the Terra Bella, Calif. *Newspaper* ("Money Isn't Everything").

Now it would be nice to say that Joe Paterno spurned the ugly temptation of taking money from professionals without a thought, that he simply mounted his folk hero's white horse and galloped back to the pristine backwaters of Pennsylvania and amateur sport without so much as a shiver of attention. Such was hardly the case, and no one is quicker to say so than Joe himself. One night this fall in the kitchen of his comfortable modern home in University Park, seated at a large round wooden table laden with bottles of Blatz beer and a

cold bottle of Blue Nun wine and a large New England holed dinner, Paterno spoke with his own normal electric intensity. "What the hell's the matter with a society that offers a football coach a million dollars? It's silly, isn't it? I mean, what had I done to deserve that kind of dough?" He paused, sipped a little more Blue Nun, then said thoughtfully, "Well, however silly it was, you know I accepted the job. I decided to take it and I told Billy Sullivan that I would take it. Well, then after thinking about it one more night, I got to rethinking it all again. Sure, I had pictured myself bringing the Patriots into the Super Bowl in four, five years. I was—I was—convinced it can be done. Sue and I had been making lists all along—one headed 'go,' one called 'stay,' and they all kept coming up 'go.' Money, Cape Cod, security, continued rural living for the kids, excitement, a tremendous coaching challenge. We made the lists over and over. 'Stay' finished behind all the time. There was no choice; I said yes."

Joe squinted behind those hornrimmed storm windows he wears, frowned and said, "I suppose my hindsight now about what changed my mind is a lot clearer than my thinking was then. But that night after I told Billy Sullivan yes, I started wondering what the hell I had done. I began to realize that all I'd prove at New England was that I can coach a good football team both with college kids and with pros. What's that prove? I realized I didn't want my kids to say about their father, 'He was a good football coach, he won a lot of games.' I wanted them to think maybe I tried to do a little more than that."

"I think of myself as a teacher. In the pros you get the same guys for 10 or 12 years. Listen, I know that Paterno the Teacher doesn't have so much to say that guys want to hear him for 12 years. At Penn State the kids don't want to hear Paterno anymore after two, three years. By then they've either bought what I'm teaching or they haven't. By the time I finally dissected my decision to go to New England, I realized that the only real reason I accepted the job—the only one—was the money. There was no other. I was flattered by the dough, Period."

"Frankly, I had always thought of myself as being a little above all that kind of thing. So I've got more humility about myself now because I accepted that job. In retrospect, I was disappointed with



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myself for doing it and I was surprised. I mean, now I know that it's possible to buy me for a million bucks."

It is common for people who know Joe Paterno well to say that he has mellowed, that he has developed patience, lost some (not all) of the abrasive cocksureness that used to irritate even his close friends on occasion. His wife Sue, a graduate of Penn State and mother of the five Paterno children, married Joe 11 years ago. Sue said, "He didn't use to be able to handle losing. He'd shut the door and not come out. He was a real s.o.b. But he's matured now, he's not so tough. After his first year as head coach in 1986 the team was 5-5 and he was despondent. He spent the whole summer planning a new defense—oh, that was rough, keeping the kids out of his hair and all. He said that if he didn't have a winning season the second year he would quit and go back to assistant coaching. He said it wasn't fair to the kids to be coached by a loser."

A close friend of Paterno's at Penn State is Jim Tarmann, associate athletic director, who has been at the university since 1958. Tarmann is a wry, low-key, witty fellow whose specialty is public relations. He said of Joe, "He really feels qualified to talk about any subject that comes up. He's not a phony with himself, he knows he's right about a lot of things—and he is. But he isn't as abrasive as he once was. He probably doesn't have the same of living on Mount Olympus that he used to have. He was terribly intense in his desire to win. I think there was a time when he probably would have done almost anything to win."

But no longer, Paterno grows ever more concerned with the moral conflict that coaches face. "I have never seen so many recruiting violations and dirty tricks as there are going on in college football now," said Paterno. "And a helluva lot of people blame the coaches for what's happening. Well, I don't. These guys are victims. Look at how it works. Here's a new head coach, maybe 37 years old and he's got this big job, his first break. The only thing he knows how to do is to coach football. He's got a young family, not much dough saved, hell, maybe he's making \$30,000 now [which Paterno says is slightly less than his own salary]. And the only demand made of him when he takes the job is that he's got to win. The alumni tell him that. They don't

want good students, they want winners. So he's young, his family's young, he doesn't want to take a step backward. It takes a lot of guts to do that. He's not going to deliberately destroy his career, so he does what he has to do to win—he buys kids for his team."

Paterno sighed and gestured in frustration. "Look, I've been damn lucky. I'm a full professor here. I'm not at the mercy of alumni, they can't interfere with me. I've never had the dilemma of whether I should have to cheat to save my career. So I'm reluctant to criticize the coaches who have had to break rules. The people to blame for recruiting violations are college faculties, administrations and—yes—the NCAA. The NCAA has to take the responsibility. If the NCAA had 12, 13 guys on the road digging up violations, things would be different. Now the only way violators are caught is if someone blows the whistle on them."

"Listen, I have a beer with steelworkers or other guys off in the mountains sometimes when I'm traveling. They all assume every football player's given a car, that they go play for the school with the highest payroll. They assume that's the system. We ought to be able to build a good team without having everyone say, 'Oh, hell, they bought those kids.' The NCAA should be policing this so tough that we don't have to go hand around the stigma—the public answer that if we're winning we're probably cheating. It's demeaning."

It is now 23 years since Joe Paterno came to Penn State, and the marriage seems made of the stuff of a lifetime. At least Joe's lifetime as a coach. His Nittany Lion teams roll on and on, endlessly powerful, though endlessly still seeking the No. 1 ranking that Paterno set as a "symbolic" goal when he first became head coach. "Maybe people have mistaken my talk about being No. 1," he said pensively not long ago. "At first, I meant that Penn State should have the attitude that we can be No. 1—not so much the real demand for it. It was symbolic in the sense that I thought we needed the psychological boost to consider ourselves as good as anyone else in the country in athletics. Some people think—and I'm afraid some of the kids might think—that we've failed because we've never been No. 1. I never meant that we had to achieve it to succeed—just that we had to *think* we could achieve it."

continued



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NO ORDINARY JOE

One year that No. 1 was a very real possibility was 1969 when Penn State was unbeaten. That was the season President Nixon made his locker-room declaration after the Texas-Arkansas game that the Longhorns now rated No. 1. Paterno snapped back then at Nixon for ignoring Penn State, and in his commencement address last spring one of the early lines was, "I'd like to know, how could the President know so little about Watergate in 1973 and so much about college football in 1969?"

This season Paterno says that his team is "possibly the most interesting we've had." Penn State is rocketing along unbeaten, having outscored its opponents 349-97 in its first nine victories. John Cappelletti, a magnificent power runner, has about as good a chance as anyone at winning the Heisman Trophy, and Defensive Tackle Randy Crowder and Linebacker Ed O'Neil are surely two of the finest linemen in the country. Another major bowl offer is a certainty, with still another financial windfall for the university included. In the seven years since he became head coach, Paterno's teams have gone to five bowls and have brought home more than \$1,500,000 for the school. Most of that money can now be seen on the Penn State campus in the form of tennis courts, intramural fields, a golf course, a skating rink, etc. etc.

Paterno has achieved this kind of football success despite Paterno's almost unprecedented acceptance of scholastic accomplishment and—God forbid!—minor sports as part of a student's college life. Players are not only allowed but urged to attend Saturday morning classes on the day of home games, and Paterno likes to emphasize the fact that over 90% of his football players over the years have graduated on schedule. Perhaps even more impressive, during the week of the Air Force game this year, Paterno's top placekicker, Chris Buhr, chose not to make the trip to Colorado with the football team but rather to compete with the Penn State soccer team. Paterno was asked about this on a local television show a couple of days later and he replied for all the world to hear "That's what Chris decided to do and that's what he should have done. He's an All-America soccer player and it was his choice whether to play football or soccer that Saturday. He was right. We want to see our soccer team win, too. We want

to see all our teams win at Penn State."

Politics and Paterno have always been close—at least symbolically. "My father did a lot of legwork for the Democrats in Brooklyn when I was a kid. God, he'd roll over in his grave if he knew I was a registered Republican. I've always been fascinated by politics and if I hadn't come down here with Rap from Brown I might've gone into that game. There's a similarity between good politics and good football—you can't do either one without a lot of early work, preparation. But I'm not going to get involved in politics for a while—if I ever do I want to coach for another four or five years. Then maybe take a year or so off to study. Yeah, maybe I'll study political science. But, look, I'm not fooling myself about politics any more than I fooled myself about football."

"Getting elected to office is only the beginning. So people know Paterno, so maybe they'd vote for Paterno because they heard of him, because he's popular. But then what? I don't want all kinds of obligations to vested interests. I don't want to be a party man. I want to run for office by saying, 'Look, I believe this and this and this and I'm not going to compromise.'"

"Well, I'm not so naive as to think that he can do these days. I have no private money. I can't finance my own idea of integrity in politics."

Of course, Joe Paterno is not all that much of a pragmatist. Having disclaimed politics on the basis of realism, he quite naturally returned to the idealism of it all. "Someday there might be a time when I'd like to get involved in politics. I'd like to show my kids that it can be done—that it *should* be done. I'd maybe do it behind the scenes. I don't know. There have to be a lot of qualified people coming up now. There are kids coming out of the rebellions of the '60s who will be terrific leaders. Some of the black militants showed great courage, great imagination then and they'll be ready to lead. I'm not discouraged about the future. Not at all. . . ."

He paused, then said sharply, "Look, there *have* to be people better qualified than a *football* coach to run for the kind of high offices I'd want."

Possibly. But how about a football coach who also turned out to be an authentic folk hero in a society desperately hungry for integrity?

END

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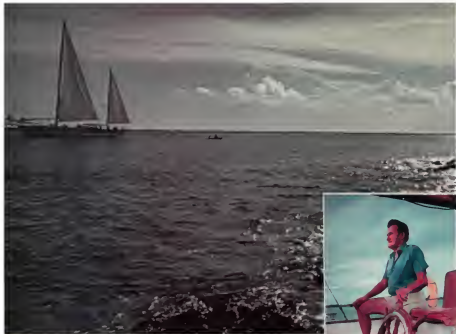
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EDUCATION OF A CHARTERING MAN

Bahamian-based Art Crimmins has become a superstar charter boat skipper by hewing to his own course by **ROBERT ALLEN HARDIN**

When Jack Paar was at the height of his fame hosting the *Tonight* show, he visited Nassau, where the Bahamian government took him sailing on a 40-foot Abaco-built charter ketch called *Traveler*. By way of welcoming him aboard, the skipper, a pipe-puffing American named Art Crimmins, inquired politely as to just what line of work Paar was in. "Imagine," Paar bluffed as he showed film of the ensuing cruise to his television audience, "this fellow never heard of Jack Paar."

Hugh Downs, the Ed McMahon of those days and a cruising sailor himself, was amused at the response. "We got a number of letters from around the coun-

try that said, 'We don't know this fellow Paar, either—but we sure do know Cap'n Art Crimmins.'"

This mutual nonrecognition by two superstars of their respective industries was understandable. In those days of poor reception, Crimmins did not have a television set aboard. (Neither did he have built-in stereo, air conditioning, a deep freeze, two showers or a number of other amenities he offers today.) And for his part Paar could scarcely be expected to realize that his host was probably the third-best-known charter sailboat skipper afloat. After all, who can name the first two?

They are, as a point of reference, Ir-

ving Johnson, whose *Yankee* charters are financially secondary to spin-off lectures and books; and controversial Mike Burke, whose chain-store approach to windjammer cruising has put boats on—at last count—six reefs around the world.

Crimmins' fame is less tangential, and if it is not the sort of renown that awes autograph hunters, headwaiters or talk-show hosts, with yachting men it carries weight. Ocean racer Dick Bertram, whose yacht brokerage handles charters worldwide, calls him the dean of charter skippers. To Burl Ives, a frequent Bahamas gunholer, "Crimmins is the best sailor I know." Many stars have sailed





with him (his favorites are Frances Langford, Jonathan Winters and Phyllis Diller), and his guest log is, additionally, a roll call of executives from *FORTUNE*'s 500 largest corporations. Pickle King H. J. Heinz Jr. sailed with him to the Exumas and stayed to buy a \$1 million piece of property from actor Hume Cronyn. John F. Kennedy sent Secret Service men to check him out in anticipation of a cruise, canceled by what Crimmins calls "some big crisis or other" (from the deck of a sailboat in the Bahamas, world problems all look pretty much alike). His first two ketches, *Traveler* and *Traveler II*, were as much photographed as Onassis' *Christina*: under full sail or anchored in emerald-colored coves, they appeared in national magazines everywhere from front cover to back-page whiskey ads. "Crimmins is one of our natural resources," says Joe Edwards, director of information for the Bahamas Ministry of Tourism. Harry Kline, editor of the *Yachtsman's Guide to the Bahamas*, has called the fiddle-playing captain "part of Bahamian folklore."

Thus, if it did not rival Nassau's Junkanoo or George Town's Out Island Regatta for high excitement, it nevertheless created a stir along salt-bleached East Bay Street when—after two years in Hong Kong building his "ultimate charter boat"—Crimmins sailed the vessel pictured above, his new 62-foot ketch *Traveler III* (with an extra *i* added) into Nassau Harbor on the dying winds of last winter's first storm front.

Only his bank, his Chinese boatbuilder and an equally inscrutable skipper know exactly how much is invested in Crimmins' windblown business, but to visitors clambering aboard at the Bayshore Marina in Nassau, evidence abounds that it is well into six figures. The design—a collaboration by Crimmins and naval architect Ted Berwer—is quite meticulously thought out. Along with improved downwind sailing characteristics, it retains the best of John Alden's beamy 68-foot *Traveler II*, including a spacious shaded social cockpit separated from the helmsman by a teak bridge deck, a stroll-about main saloon and staterooms that can be

airy or air conditioned, according to whim. Yawl keel, ipil frames and Burma teak planks are fastened with silicon bronze, unfamiliar words to owners of plastic boats. Even without spinnaker—Crimmins has a cruising man's hatred of them—there are nearly \$5,000 worth of sails. "Take a couple of those winches on deck," he says, "and you could swap them for a Volkswagens." She is a modern yacht with classic lines, an ark of triumph—a boat which in the hands of numerous skippers would sink without a bubble under the weight of her own bank note.

Indeed, Crimmins' chartering fame rests on his ability to maneuver masterfully in the trackiest tide of all: the flow of cash. At \$2,000 a week for a party of six or fewer (he considers two couples ideal) he expects to sail at least 28 weeks a year, his average for five years aboard *Traveler II*. By landlocked standards a gross of some \$60,000 is only a modest small business, but to sailboat charterers, to whom mere solvency is an achievement, that kind of earning power is what

continued



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makes Crimmins a superstar of the game.

Crimmins' peers invariably mention, usually as an afterthought, that he is also an exceptionally skilled sailor, but sailing skill alone is insufficient insurance in a business dotted with the wrecks of old dreams.

"We're a dying breed," says Ron Turner, whose gaff-rigged schooner *Keweenaw* illustrates the Bahamian idyll on the cover of this year's *Yachtsman's Guide*. "Nobody but another skipper knows how many ways you can fail in this business."

For Turner, like Crimmins, it is a rare day in port when no landlubber stops to inform him how lucky he is to live the carefree sailing life. Once, anchored off an Out Island settlement, goombay music floating across the night air, the late Zachary Scott told Crimmins admiringly: "You live the life the rest of us *plan* to live when we retire." In reality, Turner says, the daydream of sailing for livelihood usually fades to harsh paradox: "The people who dream of chartering don't have the experience or money to get into it. Those who have the money and experience don't want the headaches."

There are fewer charter sailboats in Nassau today than 20 years ago when Bahamians first conceded that American-owned windjammers were no threat to their own charter fishing fleets. The West Indies is chockablock with boats, but the attrition rate among skippered yachts is heavy even as the bareboat business flourishes. Among dozens of ex-charter skippers who have swallowed the anchor, Miami yacht broker Art Kadey is fairly typical. As owner of the clipper-bow schooner *Piwicchio*, Kadey stuck it out longer than most, 10 years, before selling his boat (now *Cyrano*) to writer William F. Buckley Jr.

"It got to be like a prison," Kadey recalls. "You're a companion, teacher, entertainer, psychologist, servant—and you've still got to be master of the boat. You're gone for two weeks and then you come back from the islands with 24 hours to get your boat spruced up. The next morning you've got to be up with a smile"—he fixes his face into a stiff grin—"ready to meet your new party. At the end of a season the whole difference between profit and loss may come down to the ability to do your own carpentry and mechanical work." Kadey likens chartering to playing pro football: "You have

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to love the game and its bumps, but you can never forget it's a business. People go in thinking they'll have a ball and may be also make a buck; a couple of seasons and they're gone. You see it all the time."

As a competitor Kadey watched Crimmins for years. "We all had gimmicks: marine biology, sailing instruction, swinging singles boats. Mine was having a piano aboard. What Crimmins has is a manner that appeals to rich people. But beyond that, he's a pro. Nothing much surprises him—and it's a business which can turn around and bite you any time you think you've got it mastered."

The Ministry of Tourism's Edwards, who skippered the schooner *Bow Fire* out of Miami and other charter boats in the Bahamas before swapping the helm for a typewriter, sees chartering as something Lewis Carroll might have invented for Alice. "In hotels, the word guest is something of a euphemism, but in chartering it's the whole marquee," he says. "Imagine telling someone, 'You're paying \$2,000 a week, but unless you can pretend you're sailing as the skipper's nonpaying guest, the whole thing will fall apart.' But that's the way it is."

Even in the most spacious yachts, rancor at anchor can spread like dry rot. "Guests can get off not only hating you but hating each other," Edwards continues. "I've seen friendships of 20 years wrecked on a 10-day cruise."

Crimmins himself is unable to pinpoint why he succeeds where others fail. At 57 he is neither taciturn nor yo-yo-ho, and in truth he doesn't look salty. Even in khakis and deck shoes, with a worn blue skipper's cap covering gray-flecked hair, he could be mistaken for a professor, or one of the doctors, lawyers, pilots and executives who are the bulk of his clientele.

Perhaps significantly, it is against such men rather than fellow skippers that he tends to measure himself. For 25 years he has struggled to upgrade a barnacle-rough occupation, and one yardstick of personal success is the flow of offers of high-paying jobs—"at least one each season, usually in personnel or public relations"—that come from wealthy guests. To a Depression-era high school dropout, sensitive about his lack of formal education, guaranteed income and paneled offices are flattering come-ons. "I look at most professional men who sail with me—they'll come aboard with their

briefcase and their Maalox No. 2—and I think, 'My God, what would it be like to sail just two weeks or even two months a year?'" He goes on, "The man offering the job is almost always the company president. I tell him truthfully he's got the only job that interests me. I'm already head of a challenging business. Why should I want to step down?"

It is that fever for control of one's own helm that drives most charter-boat owners. "Nobody is ever totally independent," Crimmins says, "but this comes close. It's like owning your own little nation." At its best, "it's the most wonderful life I can imagine."

And at its worst? Lighting an old briar pipe, he puffs miniclouds that drift to leeward. "It's like prospecting for gold," he says. "If it was any more difficult, nobody would do it. If it was any easier or less risky, the whole world would try."

Relaxing millionaire-style at anchor off Sandy Cay just beyond Nassau's pastel skyline of hotels, with two days to loaf before his next charter, Crimmins wears the contented look of a prospector who has struck gold—an impression he takes pains to correct. "It's not the money. I could take what I've invested in this boat and make a better return with a hamburger franchise." His fiscal policy remains the same model of simplicity he outlined 21 years ago, before marrying his raven-haired wife Peggy, a former Chicago fashion model: "Whatever we make goes into the boat. If there's anything left, that's ours."

In boom times, he concedes, "almost anybody who knows the pointy end from the roundy end can make a profit," but to charterers the Dow-Jones industrial average can be as ominous as a plummeting barometer, and in stormy times "we separate the riff from the raff." For truly desperate times, when all around are foundering, Crimmins has always carried a special emergency pump, carefully primed. "Credit is everything," he says, a Midwest value passed down from his father, an Irish auto worker who regularly hocked family silver on Saturday nights in the saloons of Saginaw, Mich.

With his own boat well stocked from a checklist of old-fashioned virtues, the onetime Lake Michigan Sea Scout is unabashedly candid in criticism of freer spirits who sail off into the sunset leaving merchants—and sometimes guests—waving from the dock. "Those are the

people who hurt all of us," he grumbles. "They'll buy some old tub, put an ad in the boating magazines, and right away they're charterers. They make a little money, then get lazy, and pretty soon somebody's stuck. It's amazing how many people come in on a shoestring, convinced it's a lazy man's game."

Perhaps not so amazing. Abetting the belief, certainly, is almost everything printed about the charterer's world of azure skies and gin-clear waters, including some 50 pounds of clippings and photographs in Crimmins' own bulging scrapbooks. Typical was an article about Crimmins several years ago in *The New York Times*, which began by asking: "What does a man do when his working days are behind him?" Such stories flatter Crimmins, whose workweek on charter is a minimum of 112 hours.

A former *Traveler* mate, Mike Manning, says, "He's not choosy because he's successful, he's successful because he's choosy. He's the only charter skipper I ever knew who could spot a loose back and leave it lay."

Now a delivery skipper out of Fort Lauderdale, Manning recalls the late 1940s when Crimmins, an ex-World War II Navy chief and prewar boatyard operator, was first chartering from downtown Miami, afloat on an audaciously secured government loan ("They just laughed at first. They said, 'You really want us to loan you money to go sailing?'"). On Miami's old Pier 5, fishing captains were tied stern-to at the dock, screeching at tourists like rickshaw drivers. "The skipper always had more class," Manning says. "Those were days when a \$10 bill was something to get excited about, but I've seen him turn down people with dough when we hardly had enough for groceries."

Crimmins explains: "People who are difficult ashore are impossible at sea. I decided early that the only way to work steadily was through repeat business and referrals. If somebody thought they wanted to go cruising and I could tell they wouldn't enjoy it—heavy drinkers, old people, quarrelsome couples, that sort of thing—it was better in the long run to pass up their money and wait for someone else to come along."

"Once we had five cents left and Peggy wanted a candy bar. I said let's stop by the post office first." A letter with four cents postage due gobbled up Peggy's candy bar, "but it contained a deposit

continued

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check for \$250. For a long while, life was a series of cliff-hangers like that."

Success means Crimmins no longer must contend with guests like one swarthy paranoid who skulked aboard with a .38 revolver to protect a treasure map—which turned out to be a Bahamian government advertisement ripped from a national magazine.

Today most letters, cables and marine-frequency calls come from guests with fashionable addresses, but Crimmins still likes to inspect first-time sailing companions before they come aboard. New guests spend their first night at a Nassau hotel, paying for dinner and the opportunity to become acquainted, an added expense to the customer that Crimmins deems well justified. "That's when we become friends," he says. "The ice is broken—it's an entirely different atmosphere from having total strangers aboard." After the voyage he suggests another night ashore: dinner, dancing, a show and perhaps a visit to a casino with the captain and his wife. "It's a nice transition between the boat and home. It rounds out the cruise."

The strangest week Crimmins ever spent was trying to fathom a New York psychiatrist who brooded in virtual silence on the foredeck and in his stateroom. "I drove me almost crazy thinking how I should try to get through to him," Crimmins says. "I asked his wife about it and she just kind of smiled and said nothing, so I decided to let him set the pace. The longest sentence we heard out of him was on the last day when he said, 'This was the best vacation I ever had.'"

"I used to advertise that the captain doesn't drink," says Crimmins, "but it cost me too much business." Those who didn't assume he was a reformed alcoholic concluded he must be some sort of nut. "One man whose wife arranged the charter came down to the dock without telling me his name, just to check me out. He told me later, 'I just didn't want to get stuck two weeks with some psalm-singing preacher.'" Crimmins now drinks an occasional rum and Pepsi.

One possible flaw in an otherwise good nature is his attitude toward children, remarkably W. C. Fieldian for a former scoutmaster: "I've never known a child who could stay content for an entire cruise." Vague prejudice crystallized to firm policy after successive cruises with a 10-year-old boy given to slapping his

mother ("I nearly threw him overboard") and the 11-year-old son of a corporation lawyer who whined away one long evening feeding *Traveler II's* stainless steel winch handles to the fish. Children under 12 are now banned, and Crimmins tells parents, "I'm doing you a favor."

On nautical playgrounds, however, an ADULTS ONLY sign hardly eliminates all problems of permissiveness. In Crimmins' view, morality is mainly a matter of compatibility; he has known successful skippers who preached on Sundays, and others whose boats "would make Hugh Hefner blush." The trick, as he sees it, is simply to avoid horrendous mismatches of crew and guests. On *Traveler III* no one is frisked for marriage licenses, but neither does Crimmins carry one of those bulkhead plaques that say: MARRIAGES PERFORMED BY THE CAPTAIN GOOD FOR THE DURATION OF THIS CRUISE ONLY.

"I assume the best," he says, "but I never go around saying so-and-so and his wife cruised with me if I'm not completely certain. You only have to be embarrassed on that once."

As a shipboard sheriff Crimmins pleads poor vision. On one cruise it took him a week to notice that his two couples were playing musical staterooms. He said nothing, but one of the bikini-clad guests took him aside to explain that each wife had once been engaged to the other's husband. She said, "Does this bother you, Captain?" Crimmins, whose own idea of high living is an Out Island jam-boree featuring himself on the fiddle, was momentarily taken aback. He said, "No-o-o, no-o"—his voice becomes Irish falsetto as he quotes himself—and, recovering quickly, he added, "You folks do track a lot of sand aboard and that bothers me." A friend of Errol Flynn's in days when he cruised frequently to Jamaica ("Errol was a wonderful man around other men, but I never would take respectable guests to the wild parties he threw"), Crimmins has boiled moral philosophy down to a pragmatic homily: "I don't mind vices, as long as they're gentlemanly vices."

Despite such tolerance and a gift for avoiding undesirables, Crimmins is no nautical Will Rogers. He has met and sailed with men he doesn't like. As chief yeoman, Peggy records guests' names on two lists; happily, the undesirables make up the short one. Drunkenness, vile lan-

guage or merely gross incompatibility have caused him to cut cruises short or at least reject next year's deposit check, fairly mild responses considering that 20 years ago, after suitable warning, he sometimes dealt out corporal punishment for unseemly conduct. Advancing years and an ached back have mellowed an Irish temper, but his wife says, "He still has a short fuse for anybody who is foulmouthed around women."

A temper, Crimmins admits, is an occupational hazard skippers must work to curb. As every weekend sailor knows, the world is full of landlubbers who could reduce Job to a raving maniac: tracking sand, spilling drinks, clogging toilets, wasting water (Crimmins carries an almost unbelievable 450 gallons), grabbing for support from fragile gear, and invariably reserving questions for exquisitely inopportune moments. Operating with the special calm of men who recognize temper as a weakness, Crimmins conducts subtle indoctrinations, aided by a mimeographed list of "rules" written by a cheerful regular guest. ("Don't keep asking the captain where you are," is one suggestion. "He probably doesn't know, either.") Says Roger Carroll, the Bahamian who has cruised with him for seven years, "The worse things are, the quieter the skipper gets."

But not always. A few years ago the executive vice-president of a large automotive company wanted the thrill of sailing into a squall. "I told him we were too short-handed to make all the quick sail changes," Crimmins says, "but he insisted he and his lawyer would help." When *Traveler II* rounded into the maelstrom, the executive froze—and a \$900 sail split from leech to luff. "I guess I chewed him out pretty bad," Crimmins recalls. "After that I wouldn't speak to him." At anchor next morning the executive apologized. "He looked at his lawyer and then he told me, 'You know, I haven't been bawled out like that in 15 years. I've got too many yes-men—if you'd consider coming to work for me, I'd like to have a man who says what he thinks.'" Crimmins declined the job offer but accepted a check that patched both sail and friendship, and preserved his record of not having made an insurance claim in nearly 25 years.

Most cruises are more tranquil. For their weekly 52,000, guests may choose a course in any direction, but when it's left to Crimmins—and if his party has

continued

10 days or more—he invariably sets sail across the sandy Yellow Bank to the Exumas, 90 miles and 365 islands of kaleidoscopic anchorages, terminating with George Town. April through June are the most perfect sailing months, though he cheerfully admits his favorite weather pattern—"a series of snowstorms all across the northeast"—can make January's mid-70's Bahamas average seem ideal.

Ideal is the elusive goal. After a quarter century, Crimmins still ponders the perfect sailing vacation. "Cruising patterns change over the years," he says. "Today there's less of a serve-me-a-drink-and-grill-the-steak-just-right attitude, and more of a trend toward participation." Doctors tend to be the most enthusiastic divers and island explorers; airline pilots take the keenest interest in sailing; lawyers usually require the longest to unwind, often bringing work with them. Successful businessmen ("At our rates we don't get many failures") tend to be convivial. "It's amazing how many

company presidents will tell you they have nobody they can relax with and let down their hair," he says.

For all that, he has observed that it is wives on whom repeat business and referrals hinge, and "that's the part nobody can teach you. It's amazing how many skippers you see knocking themselves out to please the husbands and all but ignoring the wives."

Aboard *Traveller III* the first principle of female psychology is "Women find sailing either boring or terrifying," and Crimmins adds, "Many a skipper is on the beach today because he failed to understand that." Crimmins researched his theory over 20,000 miles with 187 often gut-wrenching Gulf Stream passages before he finally moved to Nassau in 1954. "When my parties would get off in Miami the men would tell me they never had a better time in their lives and to expect them back next year. The wives wouldn't say a word—and I'd never see them again."

In the Exumas, unless his guests are

red-hot sailing buffs out to handle the boat themselves, he holds sailing to four or five hours a day, in search of picture-postcard Jew and anchorages. "A wife at anchor is a happy wife," Crimmins says. "A wife ashore dressed up a bit for a party is in Wife Heaven." A lesson that has eluded many a husband, he says, "is that what's inconsequential to a man may be vital to a woman."

He remembers a dismayed wife who burst into tears just two hours out of Nassau—"she'd forgotten to buy film for her camera." Despite her husband's protestations that it wasn't necessary, Crimmins cheerfully spun the boat around, sailed 15 miles back to Nassau and bought the film himself.

Sometimes nothing works, of course: the chemistry fizzes or rain falls, wind blows at unlikely force, inner ears react violently to ocean motion. "Bad weather is rare," Crimmins says. "I'm the guy who's supposed to know all the tricks; it's up to me to make every cruise pleasant. If a cruise fails I've failed." **END**

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Escape lies out there in the land of no lift tickets, in peaceful expanses where one skis across the country instead of down it. From the Far West all along the snow belt to the serene meadows of Stowe, Vt. (below) more and more folks are rediscovering the good old ways of the good old days



CONTINUED

It's All on the Level

Farewell, cruel boots, buckled to depress the instep. So long, bulky parkas and fogged goggles. No more the instructive cry of "Bend ze knees!" Goodbye to all that. Cross-country skiing, the sport that Americans shunned for so many years, has come on in a dramatic new wave. The skitourer is now loose upon the land, striding out to find the sanctuary that somehow got lost when too many people took to the mountaintops. It turns out that Snowshoe Thompson had the right idea back in 1856 when he began skiing the Sierra mail over a 90-mile route: yonder is pure quiet, the scenery and settings that feed the soul. And now, in a boom that began three years ago, cross-country is suddenly very in. The ski-touring population has doubled each season since 1989 until the census is currently around half a million and climbing. Sales of cross-country skis, more than 200,000 pairs in the 1972-73 season, are setting

records, resorts that once catered exclusively to downhillers now offer full touring programs. In verdant New England, a chain of trails now spiderwebs from Maine to New York. Just as the real Nordics do in Oslo, Minnesotans ski their parks and frozen lakes. Even Aspen and Vail, those hotbeds of achuss, offer cross-country, and in Sun Valley, enthusiasts now ski off to cocktails and dinner, lurching home happily along a romantic, torchlit trail. Yosemite's touring school that opened to six students now draws 150 every Sunday. "I always said we would come back," says Montreal's Herman (Jack Rabbit) Smith-Johannsen, who doggedly trekked on alone while friends scoffed. "I knew people would get tired of spending so much money on downhill. Now skiing is again a sport for the whole family." And so saying, he swings out to lead the march into the brave new world. Jack Rabbit Johannsen is 98 years old.

This is more than a sport learned at mother's knee: kids like 2-year-old Joshua DuMond of Stowe, Vt., grow up to touring by jouncing along happily aboard backpacks. Mom Pat, 26, is typical of those who carry the children along





Everybody knows that those picturesque New England farm houses were put there for cross-country backdrops, just to create a scene such as the one above in Vermont.





Not that the sport doesn't have its slapstick moments—as in Putney's whoop-de-do Washington's Birthday Race at left when everybody tries to dash over the bridge at once

The people who turn out at Putney more than a thousand new-born Nordics start in a cheery cluster, then fan out for 11 miles of racing and touring. Winning doesn't really matter

The Scandinavians call this skijoring, but at Stowe's Trapp Family Lodge it's just plain zinging along behind a horse. Lynne von Trapp up and family dog bounding in full pursuit







Along the way, in the cross-country way, one can drop in for a stingingly cold drink—in this case the clear water of Trail Creek beside a Sun Valley course.

Dwarfed by the red giants of Yosemite, the springtime band at left discovers a silent wonderland of the sort seldom seen by skiers who insist on a downhill trail.

The end of an 11-mile course through the Granite Creek valley east of Jackson Hole, Wyo. offers the reward at right: snows open to a natural hot spring pool.



Crossing the Country in Uniform Comfort



Suited up in suitable Nordic manner at far left, Tom Upham and Patrick Mouligné stride through the birches of Sugarloaf, Maine, free and easy in their lightweight stretch fabrics

It figures that the Scandinavian influence would be a natural in the sport: Merete Degenkowi turns up below in hooded smock, trim knickers and the topper they call a Lapp cap.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN E. CORREY/FRAS



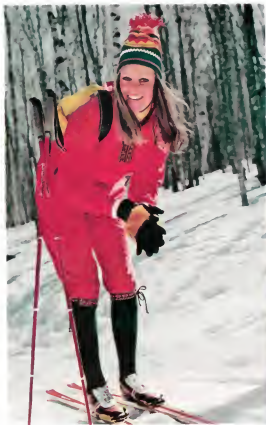
The idea is to keep cool and dry while moving fast, then avoid chills while standing. At left, Kathy McKeany solves the problem by wearing cotton turtleneck under her knit nylon.

The freedoms of cross-country are exemplified at right in lightweight suits, comfortable touring boots—no buckles!—and Nancy Ewan's easygoing version of a warmup outfit.

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN C. JENSEN



The idea is to keep cool and dry while moving fast, then avoid chills while standing. At left, Kathy McKeany solves the problem by wearing cotton turtleneck under her knit nylon



The freedoms of cross-country are exemplified at right in lightweight suits, comfortable touring boots—no buckles!—and Nancy Ewan's easygoing version of a warmup outfit



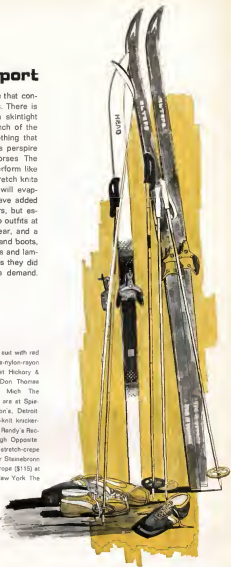
New Outfits for an Old Sport

The notable characteristic about cross-country skiing is that converts tend to fall upon the sport full of purist passions. There is no standing around lift line or lodge striking poses in skintight stretch pants, the scene so familiar to the Alpine branch of the game. In touring, fashion follows function and the clothing that goes with it is more serviceable than sexy. Ski tourers perspire on the move and at rest they give off steam like racehorses. The best cover for such activities are togs that look and perform like the warmup suits used in track and field, new nylon stretch knits are designed to breathe freely so that body moisture will evaporate. As a concession to cold, many manufacturers have added double layers across the seat and front of the knickers, but essentially the overall look remains simple as with the two outfits at left—a tricolored suit with zippered pockets to hold gear, and a facsimile of the 1972 U.S. Olympic Nordic suit. In skis and boots, ski tourers have clung doggedly for years to soft leathers and laminated woods, but future trends will swing inevitably, as they did in downhill, to synthetics and fiber glass to meet the demand.

Where to Buy

Starting on page 72, the red Helanca four-way stretch suit is by Hexcel (\$45) at Sport Meister, East Lansing, Mich.; L.L. Bean, Freeport, Maine. The red and blue competition suit is made of nylon stretch knit (\$60) by Anbe of Austria. The white competition boots and all the other boots on these pages are by Bata, the gloves by B.H. Weiss. The navy and gold nylon stretch-knit outfit also is from Anbe (\$60)—both Anbe suits are at Randy's Racquet & Ski Shop, Pittsburgh. The red Scandinavian-style tunic and knicker combo is polyester gabardine (\$55) by Monika Tilley for Profile, the Lapp cap is Becorta's. The outfit is at Dave Cook Sporting Goods, Denver, Lord & Tay-

lor, New York. The blue suit with red zippers is made of Lycra-nylon-rayon stretch by Head (\$65) at Hickory & Tweed, Armonk, N.Y.; Don Thomas Sporthaus, Birmingham, Mich. The light touring boots (\$34) are at Spiegelf's, New York. Hudson's, Detroit. The green nylon stretch-knit knicker-suit is from Anbe (\$50) at Randy's Racquet & Ski Shop, Pittsburgh. Opposite the two-piece polyester stretch-crepe suit is designed by Peter Steinebronn for Head Ski Wear in Europe (\$115) at Princeton Skate & Ski, New York. The red, white and blue nylon knit suit (\$33.50) by Demetre is at Gorsuch Ltd., Vail, Wilson's Sports, Rutland, Vt.



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A trick-or-treating youngster visited **Roger Staubach** in Dallas and was appropriately rewarded with Halloween sweets. After leaving the house, the boy had second thoughts. He returned, knocked on the door again and asked the Cowboy quarterback if he could trade the candy back to him for an autograph. Good thinking, kid. He ended up with both.

Only God and old Elis are welcome at Yale, and even God gets a hostile reception sometimes. Certainly no exception to the rule is made for a minor deity such as **Walter Cronkite**. When the newscaster was invited by the campus radio station to be a halftime guest at the Yale-Cornell football game, he was unable to keep the commitment. A guard, showing splendid democratic, egalitarian, undiscriminating spirit, would not admit him to the Yale Bowl press box because he lacked the proper credentials. And that's the way it is, Waffer.

Dallas Cowboy Guard **John Niland** was a guest of honor at the grand opening of a Dallas spaghetti house and was chatting with a group of fans when somebody mentioned Arkansas. "Arkansas produces only two things," said Niland, a New Yorker, "shady ladies and football players." A fan said, "Wait a minute, my wife is from Arkansas!" Niland said, "Oh, really? What position does she play?"

◆ Horsepower is getting to be a big thing everywhere. Apparently a little cocky about the implications of the gasoline shortage, a yearling bay colt named **Fittipaldi**—after champion driver Emerson—stroled out to take a proprietary look around the driving school of former auto racer **Jim Russell**. Fittipaldi nuzzled Trainee **Jane Alexander**,

and that was a gas, something horses might supplant soon at Sebring and Indianapolis.

John Sirica, the judge overseeing the Watergate case, is a fighter—a former boxer, to be precise. Although a phrase like "tale of the tape" tends to apply to something other than reach, height andiceps measurements now, Sirica was an excellent YMCA boxer in his youth and served as a sparring partner for department store magnate **Bernard Gumbel**, then a near-professional boxer. Sirica remembers that his father, a barber, warned him, "If you become a barber, I'll break your arm off."

Eric (Elbows) Nesterenko, now playing for the Chicago Cougars of the World Hockey Association after a tough 20 years in the NHL, detests flying. It makes him nervous. Nothing unusual there. A lot of pro athletes—like a lot of people—are nervous about flying. But Nester's wife **Barbara** is a social worker who specializes in psychiatry and has a master's degree in psychology from the University of Illinois. She suggested Nesterenko cure his fear by getting a private flying license. So far, Nester has 175 hours in the air and has found

that "being behind the controls is fun." So Elbows is cured, and his wife is a genius, right? Nope. "When I climb into one of those big DC-10s I tense up all over again," he says mournfully. "If I don't last the season with the Cougars, the reason will be that flying got to me again. It's the reason I retired in the first place."

◆ Catch this **Johnny Bench** of the Cincinnati Reds singing eight songs—including such classics as *King of the Road*, *Bad, Bad Leroy Brown* and *When You're Hot, You're Hot*—while appearing as special soloist for the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra. Same ball game, Bench read *Cassey at the Bar* while wearing a 19th century uniform. "Not my style," he admitted, but he worried more about hitting the right notes. "It was worse than trying out for the majors," he said.

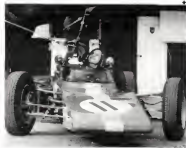
In his debut as goalie for the Connecticut College field-hockey team, **Owen Prague** withstood all sorts of charges to preserve a 5-0 shutout for his women teammates. An avid ice-hockey player, Prague obtained his status as the squad's only male when the regular goalie quit. He says he enjoys being one



of the girls and will go out for the team next year. He will, if Coach Marilyn Conklin can defend his position against some pretty wate traditionalists.

A couple from Nacogdoches, Texas drove all the way to Little Rock to see Arkansas play, although they knew their son, **Larry Brown**, third-string quarterback for the Razorbacks, would only hold for kicks. To Mrs. Brown's surprise, Larry ran onto the field on every offensive down. He took in the play, then raced for the sideline before the snap. "It looks like the team just doesn't want him," she told her husband, sadly.

Governments are always pleading poverty, but this is ridiculous. **Edward Stapf** won \$40 in the Pennsylvania lottery, and when he tried to cash his check it bounced. "Insufficient funds," the bank said. **Russell McElhatten**, Pennsylvania comptroller, tried to reassure Stapf. The state lottery, he insisted, is \$51,904,742.92 on the credit side. Which should about cover the check.





As Ohio State and Michigan prepare to settle another conference, and perhaps national, title, it is clear the Big Ten is still a misnomer

Two wolves, eight sheep

The way Woody Hayes and his ex-sidekick Bo Schembechler have the game diagrammed, the meek shall not inherit the Rose Bowl berth and anyone who thinks that the Big Ten season is open for more than 60 minutes a year has not been reading the annual casualty reports out of Iowa City and Champaign and Madison, among other places. For six years now, with one exception, the conference championship has come down to a private bloodletting in late November between Ohio State and Michigan, with the victor moving on to spend New Year's Day in Pasadena and the loser remaining behind to bugle Taps over the late Little Eight. As expected, this season brought no relief for the mini-members, and even Michigan State, which had managed a modicum of respectability, last Saturday had its nuisance value reduced to zero. After stinging Ohio State the last two years, the Spartans were swatted by the Buckeyes 35-0.

And so with the expected executions of Purdue and Iowa this Saturday, the two powers of the Big Two-plus-Eight will bunker down in the pits at Ann Arbor next week for college football's version of a heavyweight championship fight.

Lee Corso, the Indiana coach just recently initiated into the real world of the Big Ten, first by Ohio State 37-7 and then by Michigan 49-13, said, "If things aren't

going too good for us, I may go to that game myself and let somebody else coach against Purdue that week."

This one should drive the gamblers mad. Which twin has the Tom? The two are so evenly matched that Corso said he could tell them apart only by remembering Michigan wore blue jerseys. "They are well-conditioned," he summarized, "well-coached, talented, disciplined. They are so darn similar they look like they all came out of a duplicating machine. You know, Woody gets one quarterback, Bo the other. Woody one fullback, Bo the other. The tackles, the guards, the linebackers, they are all the same: good. In a situation like that, you have to guess that in the last few minutes somebody's locker is going to make a mistake and the other guy will win."

That sounds good for Ohio State because its kicking game has been phenomenal. Opponents have been able to return only 10 of Tom Skladany's 30 punts, and the 10 netted only 21 yards. Michigan's Barry Dotzauer has the more impressive punting average, 39 yards to 33, but 15 of his kicks were returned 111 yards. The edge in placekicking is Michigan's: Mike Lantry has hit on seven of 10 field-goal tries and on all of his 37 extra-point attempts. Lantry's counterpart, Blair Conway, has connected on four of eight field-goal attempts and on 34 of 42 extra-point tries. Still,

the advantages either way are slim, and they balance out.

Unless a thunderbolt strikes this Saturday, Michigan will be 10-0 and Ohio State 9-0 when they meet, but just how good they are no one really knows. Ohio State's first eight opponents are only 28-43 for the season, while Michigan's first nine rivals are 28-53. People in the Pacific Eight are quick to point out that while the pair may have outplayed the rest of the Big Ten 60-4 since 1968, they have not won in Pasadena in their last four tries.

There is a feeling within the conference this year, however, that no matter which of the teams ends up in the Rose Bowl, the people from the Pacific are in for a lot of woe. Woody Hayes, for example, has so deep a supply of talent that when Ohio State lost its first two fullbacks, including Champ Henson, the nation's scoring leader, the offense never missed a stride. Hayes simply dipped into his defense and came up with a linebacker, Bruce Elia, who scored three times last Saturday against Michigan State.

What everyone expects of the game is this: Michigan's hard-nosed rushing offense, No. 11 in the nation, will take it to Ohio State's hard-nosed rushing defense, No. 12 in the nation. And when they exchange the ball, Ohio State's hard-nosed runners, No. 4, will take it to Michigan's hard-nosed rushing defenders, No. 3. And Ohio State and Michigan, who rank 5-10 in scoring, will be going against defenses that rank 1-2 in fewest points given up per game. Without a program you won't be able to tell all those unstoppable forces from all those immovable objects.

Michigan's pass defense, on the other hand, has its moments of vulnerability, but it doesn't matter. When Woody Hayes says, "They Shall Not Pass," he is speaking both to his defense and of his offense. When Ohio State puts the ball in the air, it had better be coming off someone's foot. The Buckeyes' spirited little quarterback from Washington, D.C., Cornelius Greene, so easily wounds people with his running, but his passing arm is more shotgun than rifle. In the Big Ten, Ohio State is last in passing.

"But don't think it's still the same old third yards and a cloud of dust," said Minnesota Coach Cal Stoll. "Now it's 12 yards and a mass of humanity."

While Hayes never lets the pass rise above the rank of leprosy, Schembechler

continued



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considers it no worse, say, than a bad chest cold. Michigan's passing offense ranks a modest eighth in the conference, but Quarterback Dennis Franklin can throw well when he has to, and last year passed 23 times against Ohio State, completing 13 for 160 yards. It is doubtful that Michigan will be that adventuresome again next week. Ohio State's passing defense ranks fourth in the nation.

No matter how it goes, the Big Ten champion still will be either Michigan or Ohio State and there is little evidence that anyone will be seriously challenging the pair for a long time to come. Not that everyone has given up trying.

"People tend to have short memories," said Alex Agase, now in his first year at Purdue after a long term at Northwestern. "In 1970 Northwestern came within a fumble of winning the championship. We were playing Ohio State and we were leading 10-7 and had them really subdued until we fumbled on our 28 in the third quarter. Ohio State beat us 24-10 and won the championship with a 7-0 record; we tied with Michigan for second with a 6-1 record. And in 1971 Michigan won the title with 8-0 and we were second ahead of Ohio State. These things travel in cycles. Twenty years ago when I worked at Iowa State, the Big Eight was known as Oklahoma and the Seven Dwarfs. I guarantee you that changed."

The answer, said Wisconsin's John Jardine, is recruiting. So much for the answer. The problem is how do you get a top athlete to pass up Ohio State and Michigan, which have been going to the Rose Bowl every other year, and come, say, to Wisconsin, which hasn't been to Pasadena since 1963?

"It's tough," Jardine said. "The thing that marks Ohio State and Michigan is depth, and you have to recruit to match that. We certainly try. We tell a kid to come to our school and he'll have a chance to beat the Ohio States and the Michigans. But he says, 'I can go to those schools now and win. I've only got four years.' A lot of people wonder how they keep winning. I'll tell you: every guy at every position is worried about the guy behind him. Every starter wants to have a good game because he knows he won't be playing the next week if he doesn't. We have the same kind of competition here. At offensive guard."

Then there is the problem of economics. Iowa had cut into the Ohio State-

Michigan monopoly in the late '50s under Forest Evashevski, but lately they have fallen on hard financial times. Illinois has made some gains since Bob Blackman arrived from Dartmouth in 1971, but there are rumors that the conference and the NCAA are investigating the school's basketball program and some of the slop could spill over onto the gridiron. If it does, forget everything. Northwestern is in financial trouble. So is Minnesota. Wisconsin is feeling the pinch. With its semi-magic name, Michigan State could move upward but seemingly is hung up in neutral gear.

"I'm sure we'll see a definite change in five years," said Corso, who isn't off to the best start at Indiana. "I heard that the Chicago Bears are trying to get into the conference. That will make it a three-team race."

THE WEEK

by LARRY KEITH

MIDWEST

1. OHIO STATE (8-0)
2. OKLAHOMA (7-0-1)
3. MICHIGAN (9-0)

Acquainted as you are with the high-ranking Midwestern powers who will soon determine a conference championship, a bowl berth and still greater national prestige, turn now to a matchbox-size version of the big game that was played last week. Unbeaten Miami of Ohio met defending champion Kent State for the Mid-American Conference title and Tangerine Bowl invitation before a record league crowd of 27,363. Visiting Miami won 20-10, surviving early jitters and a third-quarter showing match. Chuck Varner scored twice, on a nine-yard pass reception and a two-yard run, and Dave Drusid kicked two field goals, one a MAC-record-equaling 52-yarder. "This thing is worth a million dollars to me," said Redskins Coach Bill Mallory. His team was recently determined the best in the country by a computer analysis published in an Ohio paper. And where did the computer put those overblown Buckeyes? Twenty-fifth but trying harder.

Oklaoma, unbeaten, third-ranked nationally and on probation, was not a part of post-season bowl speculation. The Sooners were not going anywhere except into the

teeth of the toughest part of an already difficult schedule—Missouri, followed by Kansas, Nebraska and Oklahoma State. Motivated by bad fortune, Oklahoma blew the highest-ranked of those four opponents right off its own home field. Waymond Clark and Joe Washington rushed for 261 yards and three touchdowns between them as the Sooners romped 31-3. Missouri, meanwhile, could gain only 44 yards in 48 snaps as the Selmon brothers, Lucious, LeRoy and Dewey, combined for 21 tackles. Eight of them caused 39 yards in losses.

Nebraska, 7-1-1, seemed headed for a Cotton Bowl berth opposite Texas after burying Iowa State 31-7. David Humen failed once and completed two scoring passes. The game's leading rusher was cyclonic freshman Mike Tyson, who covered 137 yards in 26 carries after replacing the injured Mike Strachan. Iowa State also lost Quarterback Wayne Stanley in the first half.

Seven points this way and Kansas would now have a 4-5 record; five points that way and the record would be 9-0, including wins over Tennessee and Nebraska. As it is the Jayhawks are 6-2-1 after edging Colorado 17-15 in their fifth game to be decided by two or fewer points. While Quarterback David Jaynes was trying—and largely failing—to round up Hersman Trophy support in the widely televised game, the Kansas defense was showing exceptionally well. The Jayhawks forced three fumbles and two interceptions to thwart a Colorado offense that outgained Kansas 354 to 220. The last turnover came with 21 seconds to play at the KU 25, well within field-goal range for barefooted Fred Lima. Jaynes rushed for what proved to be the decisive score in the third quarter but completed only 11 of 26 passes for 170 yards.

Oklahoma State held the Big Eight's leading rusher, Isaac Jackson, to 31 yards in 10 carries in a 28-9 win over Kansas State. It was the Cowboys' first victory since Sept. 29 and followed consecutive ties with Nebraska and Kansas. A 55-yard pass to the Wildcat two on the game's first play set up the initial touchdown. Kansas State was stymied throughout by a defensive charge led by Glenn Robinson, who sacked Quarterback Steve Grogan four times for 21 yards.

While Ohio State and Michigan prepared for next week's showdown with early victories, the rest of the Big Ten also played pretty much to form. Indiana and Iowa remained winless on the league by falling to Northwestern and Wisconsin respectively while Minnesota was crunching Purdue 34-7.

Northwestern is now 3-3 in the conference after edging the Hoosiers 21-20 on Greg Boykin's second TD of the game, which capped a 68-yard drive in the final 45 seconds, and Jim Blazevich's PAT. Bill Marek had a sensational first quarter, scoring three touchdowns and gaining 131 yards as Wisconsin bombed

continued

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COLLEGE FOOTBALL *(Continued)*

lows 35-7. Before quitting, Marek added another score and 72 more rushing yards. The sophomore tailback is only 43 yards short of joining Rufus Ferguson, up to now the Badgers' only 1,000-yard rusher. "There were so many big holes I just didn't know which one to pick," he said. "With tackling like ours," said Iowa's Frank Lauterbur, "anybody could look like an All-American."

Minnesota also got off to a fast start in its win over the Boilemakers. With Rich Upchurch leading the way, he gained 177 yards for the day—the Croppers scored 24 points in the first 19 minutes.

EAST

1. PENN STATE (9-0)
2. PITT (5-3-1)
3. HARVARD (6-1)

Penn State lost some of its luster but not its unbeaten record in a 35-24 victory over North Carolina State, the Lions' toughest opponent so far. The Atlantic Coast Conference favorites led early and tied it late, penetrating the nation's best rushing defense for 245 yards and four touchdowns, the only ones Penn State has allowed on the ground this year. The Nittany Lions were well-suited for an offensive struggle, however. John Cappelletti gained 220 yards in 41 carries and scored three times. Gary Hayman returned a punt 83 yards for a TD and three of his six pass receptions helped set up other scores.

Offensive carelessness prevented Pittsburgh from scoring a stunning upset over Notre Dame. The Irish triumphed 31-10 even though they were out rushed, outpassed and outfirst-downed. But Notre Dame also trailed in turnover statistics, one to seven, which more than offset the performance of Tony Dorsett, whose 209 yards in 29 carries were the most ever against the Irish. Five Pitt errors cost possession inside the 36 and two set up Notre Dame scores from the 24 and four Wayne Bullock made all four Irish touchdowns, the last two after the Panthers closed to 17-10 in the final period.

Syracuse ended its season-long losing streak by edging Holy Cross 5-3. On a 24-yard field goal, a fourth-quarter safety and some ninth-inning relief help by Tug McGraw, Army, however, remained winless by being ledless throughout a 19-7 loss to Miami, which is now 5-3. While the Hurricane was blowing for 329 yards on the ground, Army could manage only 17. The Cadets' 104 yards through the air were not much help either, but they enabled Quarterback Kingsley Fink to surpass the school's career yardage mark of 2,321. Boston College turned back West Virginia 25-14 as junior Tailback Mike Espinoza gained 201 yards. Temple topped its

(Continued)

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record to 7-1 by blasting Rhode Island 43-0.

Harvard and Dartmouth stayed on top of the Ivy League while Penn fell off the pace by losing to Yale 24-21. The Crimson's 19-14 victory kept Princeton winless in the conference and the Greenies socked Columbia 24-6. Brown continued to surprise under new Coach John Anderson as the Bruins scored twice in the fourth quarter to overtake Cornell 17-7.

SOUTHWEST

1. TEXAS (6-2)
2. HOUSTON (8-1)
3. TEXAS TECH (6-1)

In the history of the Southwest Conference no team has ever dominated another the way Texas has Baylor. The Longhorns thundered again last week 42-6, their 15th straight victory against the Bears. Roosevelt Lewis scored three touchdowns but he could gain only 77 yards in 17 carries before chocking out midway through the third quarter. Texas' romp was momentarily delayed by Baylor's opening offensive series, which saw Quarterback Neal Jeffrey take the Bears to the Longhorn 12 with five straight completions. The sixth pass was intercepted, however, and Texas was off and running. Baylor committed seven turnovers and six of them led to touchdowns.

Texas Christian seemed headed for its third straight upset of Texas Tech before the Raiders got untracked and erased a 10-0 lead. The go-ahead points in the 24-10 victory came within four minutes of each other in the second quarter on a three-yard run by Larry Isaac and a nine-yard pass from Joe Barnes to Andre Tillman. Tech put the game out of reach late in the final period when Isaac concluded a 98-yard drive by scampering 52 yards.

Arkansas continues to be pestered by Rice, a most unlikely nemesis. The Razorbacks, who have not defeated the Owls since 1970, were upset again 17-7 despite a whopping 404 to 138 advantage in yardage. Rice Quarter Mike Landrum played an important role in the victory by averaging over 40 yards a kick and rolling four boomers dead inside the Arkansas 15. The Owls, whose only other win this year came against Montana, were further aided by pass interceptions. One was returned for a touchdown, another was brought back 55 yards to set up a score.

Texas A&M's 45-10 victory over crippled and disappointing SMU, which has lost four of its last five games, featured the league's first-ever duel of freshman quarterbacks. The Aggies' 17-year-old David Walker scored once and guided A&M to a school-record 432 rushing yards and its biggest scoring day

continued



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in the conference in 32 years. Skip Walker, no relation to David, scored twice and tripped to 184 yards in 13 carries. SMU Coach Dave Smith saw very little good in his team's effort. "I've never had a team that's been so out of it," he said. "We just won't fight back."

WEST

1. UCLA (8-1)
2. USC (7-1-1)
3. ARIZONA STATE (8-1)

USC proved some time ago that it was an impostor among the national championship contenders and last week the Trojans very nearly saved goodwill to their Rose Bowl hopes. Had a 5'5", 135-pound Indonesian by way of Holland not kicked a 34-yard field goal with three seconds left to beat Stanford 27-26, USC would have been tied for second place in the Pacific Eight with UCLA still to be played. So thank goodness for a diminutive, videwinding foreigner named Chris Limahelu—right, John McKay? "We were fortunate to win," admitted the Trojan coach, who only last year expressed deep concern that his team had not defeated Stanford by 1,000 points. No doubt the pronouncement inspired the Cardinals to their 23-10 lead, built on two Mike Boyle touchdown passes and three field goals by Rod Garcia, once a conference and L.A. Coliseum record 99-yarder. The Trojans' 17-point fourth quarter wiped the advantage out, however, although Garcia managed still another field goal, an NCAA career record 39th.

Limahelu's winning kick followed a 53-yard drive and was set up by a 25-yard pass from Pat Haden to Jim Orladosich. Haden's earlier fourth-quarter heroics had produced a 26-yard scoring toss to Lynn Swann and a 30-yard touchdown run. The other Southern California TD had come in the second period on a three-yard sprint by Anthony Davis. When it got down to the final kick, Limahelu, who had made good from the 17 in the first quarter, was a reluctant hero. "I was nervous," he said. "I'd been nervous the last minute or so. But I never looked at anything and I didn't hear anything. I just waited until I saw the snap and swung." Four years ago, in a very similar situation, SC's Ron Ayala pulled out a 26-24 victory with another three-pointer.

UCLA had a much easier time of it against Oregon. The Bruins sloshed through pouring rain and over soggy Astro-Turf for a 27-7 victory. "We didn't want to go wide and the passing game was nil," said Pepper Rodgers, who sent Kermit Johnson mostly inside for 146 yards in 20 carries. Oregon fumbles

led to two Bruin touchdowns. Other games involving Pacific Eight teams saw Washington State score a 13-7 win over Oregon State and Washington and California take nonconference victories from Idaho, 41-14, and San Jose State, 19-9.

Arizona clinched at least a tie for the Western Athletic Conference title by whipping Brigham Young 24-10. Big plays won it for the 8-1 Wildcats, a pair of 80-yard scoring runs by Willie Hamilton and Jim Upchurch and a 38-yard interception return by Leon Lawrence. "We felt they were susceptible to quick-hitting plays into the line," deadpanned Coach Jim Young.

Arizona State cannot win the WAC title outright but it can clinch the league's Fiesta Bowl spot by going past Texas-A&M this week and Arizona on Nov. 24. Last Saturday the Sun Devils bombed Wyoming for 40 second-half points and a 47-0 victory. Woody Green and Ben Malone each earned 22 times for 147 yards and two touchdowns. That's balance.

Other key games in the West saw Air Force thump Rutgers 31-14 and San Diego State bump Long Beach State 17-2. It was the third straight victory for the Falcons and fifth in eight games. Rich Hayne had another big passing day, with 14 completions in 21 attempts for 195 yards and three touchdowns. Two of the scoring grabs were by Frank Murphy. Air power also won for the Aztecs, now 6-1-1 and headed for their second straight PCAA title. Jesse Freitas, the nation's top-ranked thrower, was good on 22 of 34 tries for 260 yards and one score. Long Beach State remains winless.

Houston had it tougher than expected against Colorado State, but the Cougars went home with a 28-20 victory.

SOUTH

1. ALABAMA (8-0)
2. LSU (8-0)
3. TENNESSEE (6-2)

Southeastern Conference leaders Alabama and Louisiana State bargained themselves into the Sugar and Orange Bowls early last week and on the seventh day they tested Kentucky, meanwhile, beat Vanderbilt to become the unlikely third-place team you will find anywhere. Kentucky's 27-17 victory, coupled with Mississippi State's 31-17 loss to Auburn, put the Wildcats solidly in third, well ahead of such noteworthy SEC second-division clubs as Tennessee, which did not play, Georgia, which did and lost to Florida 11-10, and Shug Jordan's Tigers. Auburn romped as freshman Tailback Seedrick McInyre, who had not seen action since the opening game when he earned only once,

scored three touchdowns on runs of 10, 10 and three yards. Kentucky's Senny Collins tallied twice against a keying Vandy defense that held him to 83 yards in 23 carries. After a season of disappointment that included four straight losses, Florida has suddenly come alive, upsetting Auburn and Georgia on consecutive weekends.

Navy was tougher than expected for Tulane. The Greenies scored 14 points in

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

THE BACK: John Capellella's 220 yards against N.C. State was a career high, giving him 1,157 this year. He has already surpassed his 1972 mark of 1,117 yards which had stood second on the 10-year all-time list.

THE LINEBACKER: Randy Gradishar, Ohio State's 6'3", 252-pound linebacker, keyed the shutout of Michigan State, the third straight by the nation's stingiest defense. Gradishar led the Buckeyes with 10 solo tackles and 10 assists.

the first 2½ minutes but had to hold on for a 17-15 victory. Martin Mitchell set up the first Tulane TD by returning the opening kickoff 95 yards to the Navy eight. A pass from Steve Foley to Jaime Garcia got one touchdown, and less than a minute later Foley connected again, this time to brother Mike from 35 yards out. Navy drew close but the Green Wave defense staved off defeat by halting the Muddies five times inside the five-yard line.

Florida State, 7-4 a year ago, lost its ninth straight, 36-13 to Virginia Tech. James Barber scored twice for the Gobblers. Georgia Tech had an easy time of it against Virginia Military Institute, which committed eight turnovers in a 36-7 loss.

Dr. Leo Jenkins, the chancellor of East Carolina University, went to last week's East-bell game with Richmond sporting a gold sweat shirt with purple lettering that read "Southern Conference Champions 1972 and 1973." Then the Pirates made good the prediction, blasting the Spiders 44-14 to capture the title again. "We came prepared," said Dr. Jenkins. ECU also came with Quarterback Carl Summerell, who completed 11 of 15 passes for 167 yards and three touchdowns, the first a 68-yarder on the third play of the game.

North Carolina entered the 1973 season with two straight Atlantic Coast Conference championships and a record 15 consecutive victories. Last week the Tar Heels lost their fourth ACC game without a win, 37-29 to Clemson. Wake Forest's sixth touchdown of the year was enough to tie Duke 7-7, and Maryland shut down Virginia 33-0, the fourth time this season the Terps prevented a six-pointer.



You might say he arrived in the Rick of time

The Portland Trail Blazers couldn't find their way out of the loss column until Rick Roberson, a center with sinusitis, showed them the way

American Graffiti was playing at two places in downtown Portland, Ore. last Friday and Saturday nights. One spot was the Broadway Tri-Cinema, where the hit film about adolescents and autos continued its run; the other was on the street out front. There, teen-agers packed into family Fords, decaying pickups and a few hot '57 Chevies crept south along SW Broadway, then looped back north on SW 6th Avenue. Many of them drove the circuit well into the early hours of the morning, radios blaring, peeling yards of slick rubber and calling to one another out of windows rolled down despite the endless autumn rain.

Clearly, cruising remains a favored pastime in this city of 380,000 where excitement is a wink from the cool blonde three cars over and ecstasy is a pair of perfectly tuned glass pucks—mufflers stuffed with fiber glass so that they burble in harmony. And teen-agers are not the only Portlanders roaming around at night in search of entertainment. Because of that, the Trail Blazers, like other teams in smaller cities where pro basketball is just about the only show in town, have prospered mightily. In their three previous seasons the Blazers became one of the NBA's best draws at home, even while they lost. Now they are winners, perhaps playoff contenders, and there does not seem to be anyone from 16 to 60 in Portland who has not stripped a few gears or blown a gasket over them.

In their three most recent home games, including two last weekend, the Blazers

have attracted crowds at or above capacity to the 11,813-seat Memorial Coliseum. That brought Portland's average attendance to 9,898—the team averaged 8,134 while winning only 21 times last season—with the choice midwinter dates still ahead. Indeed, management is already wondering aloud about the delightful possibility that its arena may be too small, a state of affairs that previously existed only in the championship cities of New York, Milwaukee and Indianapolis.

This optimism could be considerably better founded than that of the Portland weatherman who last week predicted a day without showers. After a dozen games a year ago, the Blazers' record was 1-11; this season it was 7-5 and twice they have nudged into the Pacific Division lead ahead of playoff standbys Los Angeles and Golden State. Moreover, they have done it with a team on which no player is older than 26, with two top scorers who in the past often played with noticeable disdain for one another, with a coach whose most noteworthy accomplishment is that he once won the Ivy League and with a center who has chronic nasal drip.

The pivotman is 6'9", 215-pound Rick Roberson. Despite being one of the NBA's shortest centers, and perhaps its lightest, he has been the Blazer most responsible for the team's turnaround. And there are aspects of his appearance that are even less prepossessing than his size. His flattened nose looks as if it had been worked on with a ball peen hammer, and he invariably shuffles along with his mouth wide open and his lower lip flop-

STOKING the Blazers are sharpshooting Geoff Petre (left) and sharp-elbowed Roberson.



—Richard

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TEN HIGH

Bourbon Straight and True

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ping. Roberson keeps his yap afloat in order to draw air down to his frequently congested lungs, since he cannot get it there by routing it through his usually congested nose, which is flanked by habitually congested sinuses. Not surprisingly in Portland's climate, Roberson has become an antibiotic freak, sometimes gulping as many as six pills a day.

During his career Roberson has consistently been bad medicine for opposing scorers, even though his accomplishments have generally gone unnoticed. Previously his only taste of glory came four years ago in Los Angeles when Wilt Chamberlain ripped a tendon in his right knee and Roberson, then a rookie from the University of Cincinnati, replaced him for 70 games. Roberson helped the Lakers to a second-place finish and the second-best defensive record in the NBA. Upon Chamberlain's return he slipped into obscurity, first at the end of the Laker bench and for the past two seasons in Cleveland.

Roberson's record with the Cavaliers shows some decided successes. Last year no center managed 30 points in any game against him and only three, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, Dave Cowens and Neal Walk, scored more than 22. But the segment of his record that seemed to attract most of Cleveland Coach Bill Fitch's attention was the column under games played, which showed that in the past two seasons Roberson missed 39 with everything from congestion to contusions. At the end of last season Fitch offered Roberson and Forward John Johnson, who has also made a significant contribution to the Blazers, for Portland's first draft choice, Jim Brewer of Minnesota.

"Rick had only played against us once or twice last season, so I was not too familiar with him," says Blazer Coach Jack McCloskey, who came to Portland a year ago after 16 seasons coaching Penn and Wake Forest. "I keep a book that I write in after every game assessing the team we've just played. When the front office told me Rick was invaluable, I looked back on what I had written. It said something like, 'Very quick on defense. Strong rebounder. Shooter with limited range.' He sounded like just what we needed."

Both Fitch's and McCloskey's judgments have turned out to be correct. Roberson has already missed five entire games, plus all but three minutes of another, with a leg injury. In his absences, Portland's record is 2-4. With Roberson

on full-time duty, the Blazers are 5-1, the only loss coming last week against the streaking Bulls, who made Portland their 11th straight victim. No center has scored more than 14 points against Roberson, and more important, his Cowens-like quickness and agility at stepping out from the middle and pop-switching on smaller, supposedly faster men have allowed the Blazers to employ an aggressive switching defense. In games started by Roberson, Portland has given up an average of 102 points, 10.3 fewer than last season.

"I'd be bullying myself if I thought I could stand in the middle and block a lot of shots the way the real big dudes do," says Roberson. "I've got to come out and play the small guys. You know, face-to-face. I got to get up on 'em and spread out so they can't drive by or pass around me to the big guy I've switched off. Being active like that means that I have to take some risks with my body. I don't think I'm injury prone. It's just the way I play that causes me to get hurt sometimes."

In the six games he has started, Roberson has also helped Portland's offense with his scoring (16.7), his rebounding (14.1) and his quick outlet passing, which has stepped up the Blazers' fast break. Passing, in fact, has become a whole new fancy in Portland. John Johnson has been a notable executant here, and so have the team's top scorers, Guard Geoff Petrie (25.2) and Forward Sidney Wicks (20.2), who in the past often played as if they thought passes were something used to get into the movies for free.

Petrie was the first favorite of the Portland fans and the NBA's co-Rookie of the Year when the Blazers were founded in 1970-71. Wicks arrived the next season and became a Rookie of the Year himself. Yet in their first two seasons together the Blazers won a grand total of 39 games. Particularly in Wicks' first year they often seemed at odds with one another on the court.

"We each felt threatened by the other and we were childish," says Petrie now. "By the end of that season I hated Sidney. I guess if you wanted to boil down the problem, it came out that Sidney didn't think I gave up the ball enough and I thought Sidney took too many bad 25-foot jumpers."

Wicks, who retains an understandable affection for the way things were done at UCLA, says he was not specifically

critical of Petrie. "I was aiming higher," he recalls. "If Geoff was playing wrong, it wasn't his fault. It was the fault of the coach, who should have told him to stop it and play the right way."

The summer following their first season together Wicks and Petrie went to Israel to give clinics, and the two weeks there helped settle their differences, especially after Wicks, a strong swimmer, suffered cramps in the Sea of Galilee and Petrie pulled him to safety.

Still their games did not begin to blend until the Blazers' recent successes when their passes, often to one another, fired the Portland break. That kind of play fired up the fans, too. Along with Seattle and Phoenix, which are also basketball-only cities, Portland has been one of the few places where a losing team has received lavish support. "People here were dying for a major league team to cheer for," says Jerry Miesen, one of the club's most rabid fans. "But now that we're winning, it's really gotten to be something special. Like last Saturday against the Knicks. It was the height of the elk-hunting season and that's pretty big around here, but we had a record crowd and they all stood and cheered for the last seven minutes. Never saw anything like it."

Indeed, the Blazers came into last week with successive home wins over the Lakers and Knicks, and then extended their streak with a 122-108 victory over Buffalo, which put Portland in sole possession of first place for the second time this year. In that game Wicks scored 31, Petrie 29 and Roberson 12 with 16 rebounds. The next night the Blazers fell out of first by losing to Chicago 106-104. Still, they battled the Bulls right to the end even though Wicks and Roberson were in foul trouble much of the time. And when it came to the deciding basket, Portland's defense was flawless, stymieing the Bulls' patterns for 23 seconds before Jerry Sloan threw in a desperate 25-foot heave with one second showing on the shot clock and six on the game clock.

The Chicago loss left Portland's home record at 7-2, but to prove they are playoff contenders the Blazers must improve on the road, where Roberson has not started and where they are 0-3. They will have an opportunity to do just that this week and next on a testing five-game trip. If they win a few in such places as Milwaukee, Detroit and Atlanta, then the Blazers could truly be crusin'.

END

Auntie Mame takes it in a cakewalk

Her real name is Dahlia, she is just a little Franch, but she is a lot of horse with regal credentials. The first filly ever to win the Washington D.C. International, she held back on a slow pace, and then she went vroom

Her name is Dahlia. Remember it. How good is she? Excellent enough to crush a fine field with one explosive run through the short stretch of the \$150,000 Washington D.C. International last Saturday afternoon and do for that race what Regret did for the Kentucky Derby nearly 60 years before: become the only filly ever to win. Since June, Dahlia has blossomed into the Auntie Mame of thoroughbred racing by winning stakes in England, France, Ireland and now the United States, something never before accomplished in one season. Her earnings have swelled to nearly \$600,000 for the year, exceptional for a filly. "Today I thought she was about 80% of herself," said her jockey, 40-year-old Billy Pyers, after the International Dahlia's trainer, Maurice Zilber, lowered the figure seconds later. "Sixty percent probably would be closer to fact," he said.

Only extraordinary horses can win even ordinary races when they are 60%, or 70%, or 80%, of their true selves. In major races, normally nothing less than 95% will get a horse to the winner's cir-

cle. Triple Crown winner Secretariat could not get there when he was beaten in the Triple W—the Wood, Whitney and Woodward. For Pyers and Zilber to admit—or brag—that Dahlia beat a field of seven other runners hollow while not at the top of her game is either a remarkable breach of sporting etiquette or a setup for a future difficult to envision.

"Riding her when she is her full self," Pyers says, "is like riding on an airplane. Only once in nine races this year have I struck her with the whip. That time she was on the lead and not really going about her business."

Many horses have traveled to the fascinating lawn party at Laurel over the last 22 years bearing rich credentials and breeding, but none managed to have both these qualities and the all-out mystery of Dahlia. Her coloring is a beautiful chestnut, and she is alert and playful, yet she possesses a genuine regality. Many suspected that also among her possessions was a bad leg that would stop her from recapturing her form of July, when she became the first filly ever to win

Ascot's prestigious and demanding King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Stakes. She beat 11 others including the winners of three Derbies as well as Rhengold, the ultimate winner of Longchamp's Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe, the world's most important horse race.

In recent years most foreign horses have arrived at Laurel virtually pre-trained. Instead of taking hard workouts over the track they merely blow out or jog around the turf course. This lack of workouts plus an inability on the part of most to run back to past performances on foreign soil is bewildering to handicappers and horseplayers and turns the International into a scene of delightful confusion. This year the race, which has had as many as nine countries represented at one time in the past, came up with only four: the U.S., France, England and Ireland. Not since 1934 have so few flags been on view in the infield. It would have seemed a perfect time to make a foreign entrant the favorite. But this almost never happens. During Laurel's 22 runnings, American horses have been favored 18 times and only five of them won (six



HEADING HOME WITH AUSTRALIAN JOCKEY BILLY PYERS UP, FRENCH ENTRY DAHLIA PULLS AWAY FROM THE INTERNATIONAL FIELD

other U.S. horses won without being favored). A \$2 win bet on every U.S. entrant in the 22 races would have produced half the winners—but also a net loss of \$8.

This year's favorite was Tentam, a 4-year-old American grass specialist who had been in the money in all of his nine earlier races this season. Tentam was supposed to shoot to the lead, gather up the \$100,000 winner's purse and then go quickly into retirement. Things did not turn out that way, though, mainly because there were three horses representing France. When French horses come to Laurel it is as good a time as any for horseplayers to snap the rubberbands off their bankrolls. French horses had won five Internationals before last week's running, more than any other country save the U.S. (A \$2 win bet on all the French participants would have produced a profit of \$49.)

While Dahlia represented France she is about as French as Mère's Apple Bouillabaisse. Her owner is Nelson Bunker Hunt from that high pile of Texas Hunts who keep going up and down in various sporting enterprises like a troupe of berserk acrobats trying out new trampolines. In some areas Hunt is regarded as "the wealthiest racehorse owner in the world." He has 350 horses in training in seven—count 'em—seven different countries. Dahlia's sire is an American, Vaguely Noble, and her dam is Charming Alibi, a mare whose most important victory, just in case you might have missed it, was in the 1967 Milette Handicap at the Detroit Race Course. Jockey Pyers is an Australian by birth, preferring beer to wine, and Trainer Zilber, of French-Turkish parentage, led the trainers in Egypt for 10 years. (Yeah, Egypt!)

Hunt has found quick and striking success in racing. In 1967 he won the Prix de Diane with the good filly Gazala. This season he became the leading money-winning owner in England with earnings of \$311,927.50. In December of '67, however, he was the underbidder when Arc winner Vaguely Noble was sold at auction for \$342,720. A few days later, fortunately, he was able to buy a half interest in him.

Dahlia has already returned that investment threefold. Her International win was typical of those she earned on the Continent this year, but to see her do it at Laurel, with its tight turns and short, three-sixteenths-of-a-mile stretch

—continued



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run, was a thing of beauty to behold.

London Company, another U.S. entrant, took the early lead in the mile-and-a-half race with Tentam tracking him at close range. At the end of a half mile London Company was still the target. Tentam was a couple of lengths behind and Dahlia was dallying along in last place. Dahlia's last, though, was interesting. She was but eight lengths away from the leader, and the pace was too slow for comfort up front. The mile time, for instance, was 1:42, and a horse race that produces a mile in 1:42 over a hard track resembles nothing more than a group of fat men running uphill.

Pyers sensed what would be ahead. "The pace was almost perfect for Dahlia," he said later. "She had her cover, and I knew that if we did not get into heavy traffic she would do her job. She has one burst of speed and it carries for about three-eighths of a mile. Once she is in that burst I feel there is not a horse in the world that can match her."

Near the top of the stretch Dahlia be-

gan her move and one could almost hear her crackle. Tentam took a lead of a length with England's Scottish Rifle and the American Big Spruce a length and a head farther back. But Dahlia had them measured. Her burst drove her by all three as if they were groping in slow motion. Big Spruce ultimately finished second and Scottish Rifle third. "Scottish Rifle couldn't have wished for a better run," Jockey Ron Hutchinson said afterward. "I thought he would win, but once he saw Dahlia's head he realized he had no chance. He gave up, thinking his job was done."

The people who run Laurel had long hoped for a win by a filly (20 others had tried previously without success). They were all smiles over Dahlia's performance, but there was gloom, too, over the size of the crowd. It was only 20,000. Perhaps had Secretariat run, 10,000 more would have turned out. That, of course, was already out of the question when Dahlia flew in. With a waver here and there, Secretariat's connections decided,

finally, that the Oct. 28 Canadian Championship at Woodbine would remain his last race. In many regards that is a shame. A win in the International for Secretariat would have proved a much prouder notch on his gun than all the Canadian Championships or Arlington Invitations ever run.

"I know," Pyers said, "that Dahlia could beat Secretariat in France or England or Ireland and probably even in the United States, too. You can't say that for a certainty, but wouldn't it be one hell of a race if the best 3-year-old filly at the world could meet what is regarded as the best 3-year-old colt?"

Unlike Secretariat, retired to stud because of tax problems, Dahlia will continue racing as a 4-year-old in Europe. Her ultimate goal, for sure, is the 1974 Arc, the race that got away from her this year. Should she march through Europe as she already has while encountering only minor problems, one thing is certain. You won't have much trouble remembering her. No one will. **END**

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Mud? Snow? Press on, regardlessly

Night grips the northern Michigan forest in a frozen shroud and low squadrons of nimbus clouds, bellies bloated with snow, scud over the stands of pine and birch. A knot of people, all puffed with winter clothing, shivers in the darkness watching the corner of a rutted, one-lane logging trail carved through the woods. Muted somewhere far away in the wilderness, a moaning sound is on the rise. "Car coming!" someone shouts, and the small crowd shies back.

The sound becomes identifiable as an engine straining at high revs. Headlights appear through the silhouetted pickets of the trees, and a car, its nose marked by

quartz-sodium headlights, comes over a small knoll and bears down on the corner at 80 mph. At the last second its driver moves down through a pair of gear changes, reaching second before he flings his muddy Toyota coupe into a power slide through the corner. Still crabbing sideways with its engine screeching, the car skates dangerously near a stockade of birches lining the trail and disappears into the dark. Other cars follow, deepening the furrows of sandy soil with each spinning tire. Another dozen or so cars pass by the collection of spectators, surging out of the gloom in ragged intervals, before the last of them, crippled and battered, departs into the black woods, returning the forest to the silence of an early winter night.

On they go, through the thickets of Michigan's Upper Peninsula in what is known as the Press On Regardless International Rally, legitimately described as "America's oldest, longest, meanest car rally." It also is one of the more obscure of all U.S. motor events.

A group of amateur sports-car freaks from Detroit is responsible for the Press On Regardless, which is a valid facsimile of the rallies being run on the Continent. By using a spiderweb of state and federally owned forestry roads and trails in the expanses of northern Michigan they have managed to keep the racers isolated from the public while permitting them to employ the kind of driving styles used in Europe. While the POR has been run in various permutations for 25 years, it has used its present 1,700-mile-long, car-killing format for the past four seasons. For two years the event has counted as one of 10 international events that make up the World Rally Championship, though participation by European stars has been limited.

The concept is relatively simple. The competitors (this year 58 cars, each carrying a driver and navigator) run from dusk to dawn for three consecutive nights, covering 500 to 600 miles on each run. Most of the rally takes place on "special stages," where from one- to 13-mile stretches of wilderness trails are cut off from normal traffic, and the rallyists try to run them at the fastest possible speeds. The quicker one goes, the fewer penalty points awarded, and the team with the lowest overall score wins. "For years we tried to make the public understand the difference between a race and

a rally," says Bill Stephenson, a bearded, pipe-smoking veteran of the POR. "Now we've given up. Hell, it's a race—a simple race against the clock."

Now, it is snowing on the parking lot of a restaurant in the bleak resort town of Manistique. The winds swirling off nearby Lake Michigan are harsh and the condensing exhausts of the rally cars and their support vehicles eddy among the headlights. Crewmen, cursing the cold, scramble around the machines, changing tires and bashing rumpiled bodywork back into shape with hammerblows. Inside, the bleary drivers and navigators revive themselves with soggy chicken drumsticks and black coffee.

Walt Boyce and Doug Woods, a pair of young Canadians from Ottawa, have established an early lead and are adding to it in their Toyota Corolla 1600C, thanks to Boyce's forceful, sideways-through-the-spruce-trees driving and Woods' precise navigation. Boyce's alt-boy face, wreathed in a wispy beard, is strained with fatigue. He is the three-time rallying champion of Canada, a former ski racer whose multiple shoulder dislocations forced him into competitive driving. "Actually we're in such good shape because Doug ran the entire 1,700 miles a few weeks ago," Boyce says. "He made a complete set of pace notes—a list of every hill, turn and rough spot in the entire rally. The notes were so complete he sold more than 30 copies at \$30 apiece. A lot of our competitors are using them, too. They almost got us into trouble last night: Doug skipped a line as we approached a blind knoll at about 85 mph. He read to me 'that over crest,' so I stayed hard on the throttle. But the road made a sharp left turn. We managed to slide through—but we bounced the rear end off some trees. It got a bit hairy for a moment, but I'm used to driving roads like this blind, and in a sense it's easier."

In this setting, one cannot spot the foreigners. Among the diners is Edgar Herrmann, a stolid, 41-year-old German hotelman from Kenya, two-time winner of the East African Safari Rally, a genuine star in the sport. But his impressive credentials will do him little good; he will finish in obscure 14th without ever threatening the leaders. "Up here," says a POR oldtimer, "one is crazy to run without a veteran Michigan navigator. It's like hunting polar bear without a guide."



THE CANADIANS SCOUTED IT. NOW IT

continued

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MOTOR SPORTS *continues*

By St. Ignace, beyond the Mackinac Bridge, the automobiles are a mess. Most are pocked with dents resulting from various sudden confrontations with tree trunks, ditches and the occasional white-tailed deer. All are coated with a glaze of mud and grime that greets them more a look of military reconnaissance vehicles than racing cars. Fewer than half of the Toyotas, Volvos, Datsuns, Fiats and such that swept away from Detroit two days earlier are still present. The others have either crashed or broken along the route. A quasi-official trio of four-wheel-drive American Motors Jeep wagons scattered their engines on the first night. Embarrassingly, someone had goofed in setting them up for the race. Last year a similar vehicle, driven by a jocular Dearborn policeman named Gene Henderson, appeared on the POR for the first time and won easily—much to the noisy dismay of the sports-car purists. They maintained the rally was intended for conventional automobiles, not burly bog-jumpers like the Jeep, and predicted the rally would turn into a northwoods version of the Baja 1000 offroad race if the four-wheel-drive cars were allowed. But the Jeeps were properly qualified under the international rules that govern the POR. In fact, while no Jeeps have been successful in other world championship rallies, they bring unique strength to the POR, where their mountain-goat traction in the mud and sand offsets the speed and nimbleness of the competition.

Mixed in with the racers now is one other serious international team, a three-car contingent from Poland, driving Fiat 125P sedans built in Warsaw. A lot of bad jokes later, it is discovered that Team Polska, which includes Andrzej Jaroszewicz, the youthful son of the Polish Prime Minister, is indeed in dead earnest about winning. But the roads are as strange as the language and the nights are long, and despite excellent organization and the blessings of the Polish Ministry of Machinery, Team Polska lingers home in 6th, 11th and 15th places.

"The Fiat team from Italy was supposed to come, too," says Bill Stephenson, biting his pipe and twisting away from the sharp winds. "We had people at the airport to meet their flight, but they just never showed up. You know, we're just a bunch of amateurs trying to organize a rally that theoretically ranks with the Monte Carlo in importance. We

got a letter from a French team saying they'd come over and run for \$30,000. We didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

"Two years ago we got 14 inches of snow in southern Michigan. It shut the rally down cold. One year the sheriff of Lake County decided he'd make some points with the voters and he set up road blocks and arrested all the guys. Every year when this thing comes around, with weekend after weekend of driving through the woods laying out the route, I say, 'Never again.' But we always come back. We must be crazy."

The 1973 Press On Regardless ends in a soggy field of scrub brush on the outskirts of Alma, Mich. There the final stage is run around a crade, convoluted course that features a jump that sends the cars pouncing into a mudhole. Some 500 curious Alma residents appear to watch the competitors—their ranks now cut to 23—flog through the last few yards of mire to the finish line. The cars look foolish, as if they are refugees from a junkyard being driven by a gang of drunks. When one recalls their brilliant, high-speed exploits in the thick forests, it seems somehow demeaning for them to put on this clown act for the benefit of a handful of spectators. Nevertheless, Walt Boyce and Doug Woods win easily, finishing with nearly half an hour's time advantage over a well-driven Volvo 142S manned by Michiganders Jim Walker and Terry Palmer.

As the competitors stagger from their battered cars, their faces dirty and stubbled with whiskers, with prospects dim that their share of the modest \$9,300 prize money will compensate for their efforts, a first-time observer says, "I've got a suggestion for these guys. Next year it might be easier for them to stay home and hit themselves in the face with a ball peen hammer for three days. That way they'd get the same kind of pain and it would cost them a lot less money."

But pain and suffering are only part of the POR. As Walt Boyce says, it may symbolize one of the final frontiers, where men can run the open roads with the kind of abandon that is at the heart of automotive romance. As long as that element exists, men like him—red-eyed, bones chilled and aching, at the wheels of sliding, grime-caked vehicles—will prow the Michigan wilderness, comforted by the fact that only they understand the truth and beauty of the greatest automotive misery trip of them all. **END**



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PHILIP HAYS



THEY LED THE LIFE OF RILEY

*To the cavalry post in the heart of
Kansas came the country's foremost
horsemen, suddenly soldiers but as
keen as ever for gentlemanly sport*

by ROBERT CANIWHILL



CONTINUED



It used to be gospel among cavalrymen that Fort Riley, Kans., was the exact geographical center of the U.S. Originally called Camp Center, it stood at the confluence of the Smoky Hill and Republican rivers, 717 miles south of Canada, 717 miles north of Mexico, 1,700 miles west of the Atlantic and 1,700 miles east of some rocks on the Pacific Coast near San Francisco Bay. According to an 1883 book, *History of the State of Kansas*, it could be found by playing a pleasant game. You took a map of the U.S., folded it from east to west and folded it again from north to south. The point where the folds intersected marked the site of a monument in the middle of Fort Riley and so in the middle of the nation itself.

More exact measurements later showed that the actual center was miles away in the potato patch of a Mr. Smith. But the cavalry liked the symbolism of the myth better than the expertise of the surveyors, and driftings at Riley during World War II continued to be sold how fitting it was that their branch of the Army should have its headquarters at the center of the country it so gloriously served.

It wasn't the only legend with a long life at Fort Riley. By 1921 the automobile industry was producing 1½ million vehicles a year, and everybody except cavalry ditchdiggers knew that horses were no longer necessary to the winning of wars. "How those old boys held on!" says Lee Rach, general manager of the Union in nearby Junction City and a member of the local historical society. "You know, even during the Second World War, there were sergeants here, men who had served with Patton or Wainwright, who used to go around wearing boots and spurs!" It was nothing to them that the war was one of dive bombers and tanks. They ig-

nored the armored cars and rode their horses. They had grown up under a generation of officers who transformed a rundown frontier post, originally built to protect emigrant trains from the Indians, into a cavalry school the equal of *L'Ecole de Cavalerie* in Saumur, France and *Il Tor di Quinto* in Rome. They had seen this remote stretch of Kansas hill country turned into a world-famous training ground for Olympic riders, horse-show teams, polo players and shrewd bargainers who excelled in making horse trades.

In 1904 a student at the Mounted Service School at Fort Riley spent 78 hours in the saddle during a school year. By 1911 a student officer spent 1,320 hours in the saddle. It was around then that the Fort Riley horse-show team ventured out of Kansas for the first time to the National Horse Show in Madison Square Garden and came back with first prize in military jumping; by 1919 it was routine for the show team to take part in events around the world as long as tanks were not rumbling across frontiers.

U.S. racetracks, stud farms, riding academies and hunt clubs are still peopled with those who served at Fort Riley under the old boys. Any horse show is likely to have a retired colonel or general serving as judge, and the influence of the post on thoroughbred racing and breeding has been phenomenal. The reputation of Fort Riley was so high among horsemen that after Pearl Harbor almost every Union Pacific train that stopped at Junction City brought a celebrated fox hunter, jockey, polo player, rodeo performer or Western movie star. They stepped off the train looking as though they might ask for directions to a lively stable where they could rent a rag to drive to the post.

One of the first to arrive was Paul Mellon. "I wanted to be in the cavalry," Mellon remembers, "and I thought that maybe there would still be a use for horses, in reconnaissance or something." Mellon is known nowadays as the owner of Rokeby Farm and a string of multimillion-dollar thoroughbreds.

He had developed a zest for riding to hounds as a student in England, and in the country near his home in the Piedmont he occasionally hunted with General George S. Patton Jr. "The only person I knew in the whole U.S. Army was Patton," Mellon says. In the summer before Pearl Harbor he went to Fort Benning, where Patton was commandant, and asked his advice. Patton encouraged him to volunteer for the Selective Service; volunteers could indicate the branch they wanted to serve in, and he probably could get into the cavalry. Mellon arrived at the fort in July and was given the nickname of Mush by a friendly sergeant. Six months passed before the Junction City Union got around to noticing him, and then only because his name was included among those awaiting officers' training. The paper said he was stalled behind a class that included three Oxford graduates, 17 lawyers, a former chiropractor and a man whose education stopped at the eighth grade.

At the time almost every issue of the *Union* noted the arrival of another horseman. The Cavalry Replacement Center was described as—how else?—"a *Who's Who* of American horsemanship." Entries ran like this:

"Private Pete Bostwick, one of the biggest names in the polo field, arrived last week and joined the 1st Squadron."

"Pasquale (Pat) di Cicco, husband of Gloria Vanderbilt, and associate of film producer Howard Hughes, arrived at Ruley this morning."

"Thurkel J. Greenough, rodeo bronco buster, holder of the world championship seven times, who last year married Sully Rand. . . ."

"Fred Ryser, trick rider and roper, who appeared with Tom Mix, Buck Jones and Gene Autry. . . ."

"Private Norman D. Cleland, 5th ranking amateur jockey, who ranked 2nd in 1937, is now in training at the Cavalry Remount Training Center. . . ."

"An amazing number of experts have come to Republican Flats as selectees in the Department of Horsemanship at the Cavalry Remount Training Center. . . . Private Willie Drott, four-goal handicap polo player, Andy Fowler, polo player and steeplechaser, Charlie Bernuth, polo player, Lyman Wright, polo player and steeplechaser. . . ."

The list also included Adrian Routke, a top-ranking polo player and husband of Helen Wills; Louis Stoddard, an amateur jockey; Bobby Davis, the steeplechase trainer; Charles von Stade, whose father was president of Saratoga; Sandy Baldwin, a polo player from Virginia; Ralph

Neves, the California jockey; and Delvin Miller, the harness driver, not to mention Mickey Rooney, Ronald Reagan and Joe Louis.

When Mellon arrived about a fourth of the units were mechanized cavalry. A year later only one of 25 or so was still horse cavalry. "There was a small pack of hounds," Mellon says, "and we chased coyotes. It was nice country; there was lots of grass. Each one of us in horsemanship was in charge of a stable of 80 horses; a few were fairly good ones. In those days, even after Pearl Harbor, we were allowed to bring our own horses. I had three hunters shipped from Virginia."

When Mellon got his commission he was asked to remain as an instructor in the Department of Horsemanship in the cavalry school. "Pete Bostwick was in my platoon for horse instruction," Mellon says. His duties included instructing Bostwick in the military seat. "I thought that was amusing, because he was the best amateur steeplechase rider and flat rider in America and England."

Bostwick did not find Fort Riley amusing in the slightest. He had already become famous, having won more flat and cross-country races than any other amateur. His first

continued





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RILEY *continued*

victory came at 17, after he abruptly left fashionable St. Paul's school in New Hampshire. He soon was riding regularly on New York tracks, and among his mounts was a star handicapper of the time named Mite. Moving on to Europe, Bostwick won 11 of 45 races and finished second or third in 24. He tried three times to win the Grand National; his best performance came in 1936 when he finished seventh, only the second American to complete the Antree course. "Fort Riley was just two wasted years," Bostwick says of his cavalry training in riding. "Oh, I played polo weekends sometimes. But I could do that anywhere."

"It was strange to us," says Mrs. Dorothy Wofford, a gracious, soft-spoken woman, the widow of Colonel John Wofford who trained the U.S. Olympic teams. "We saw those famous jockeys riding around with short stirrups, their knees up to their chins, and of course, the cavalry rode with long stirrups." Two of Mrs. Wofford's sons subsequently became Olympic medalists, and her house, Ramrock Farm, just outside the military reservation, is at once a repository of information, relics and cavalry trophies, a secluded meeting place for distinguished military men, a rest home for overage horses and a working farm producing fine jumpers and mules.

Oleg Cassini, the designer, arrived in 1942, prompting social items in the *Union* about the activities of his movie-star wife Gene Tierney. Of the life around Fort Riley Cassini says, "I often think it was like India in the time of the Empire. There was a group that socialized together, an ingroup of jumpers, famous horse people who stuck together and created an elite. It was not unpleasant." Cassini himself was an instructor in the Horsemanship Department, where he had to retrain former cowboys to ride in the Army way. "One of my jobs was to prepare horses for the Sunday hunts. All the officers were expected to play polo or jump. I joined in the hunts and jumped while I was a noncom, and after I became an officer, played polo. During the war it was difficult to keep ponies, and the great ones were given to Fort Riley. We had the best polo ponies in the country and played afternoons all through the week. It was frowned upon not to participate in this or in jumping."

Highway 18 runs through Fort Riley, *continued*

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RILEY

and on both sides of the road there are wide lowlike pastures, groves of oak, lines of sycamores and short steep bluffs that separate the hill country from the prairies to the west. The reservation is a 97,475-acre expanse of flat-topped hills threaded with narrow throat-lined ravines. In one of these in 1893 two boys from Riley, Warren Whiteside and Dennison Forsyth, were hunting with some foxhounds when one of the dogs made a running jump to a tree limb and pulled down a wildcat that measured nine inch short of five feet long. That is the kind of fact that Fort Riley historians relish. Warren was the son of Major Samuel Whiteside, Dennis the son of Colonel James Forsyth, these were the officers in command of the Seventh Cavalry at Wounded Knee.

From the heights of Custer Hill you can look off toward ridge lines rising through the haze and the undulating ground that was once the eastern limit of the buffalo range. "This is wonderful riding country," a student officer wrote in the Cavalry School yearbook. "The footing is good, and hunts can be held in wet weather. The grass is of the prairie character and good for holding vent." Kansas City is 130 miles east Manhattan, the home of Kansas State University, is on one side of the fort and Junction City on the other. Here and there in folds in the hills are the farms and ranches of retired officers, places where they have pictures of famous cavalry horses on the walls—Chryswell, Democrat, Swartzelstick, Dakota, Si Murray, and where people talk about great riders the way baseball fans talk about batting averages. Fort Riley was horse country that lacked the snobbishness of Virginia or Long Island, a military life that blended easily with the civilian life around it, a sporting world that mixed casual elegance with hardworking Midwestern practicality. No great military institution ever looked less like a fort.

Bennett Riley, for whom the post was named, never saw the place. He was a Virginia boy who joined the Army at 16, was promoted for heroic conduct in Indian battles in Florida and was subsequently stationed at Fort Leavenworth near Kansas City, where he displayed genius in plains warfare. Traders bound for the West over the Santa Fe Trail often

continued

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RILEY continued

asked for a military escort. (These trains carried money; one on record headed off with \$100,000 in silver, several wagon-loads.) Riley guarded one train as far as the Mexican border on the banks of the Arkansas River. A day's ride beyond the river the trader dismounted to get a drink of water and was shot dead. Riley, learning of the killing, rode his force into Mexican territory and met a large party of Mexican soldiers. Instead of hostilities, they combined forces, protected the train and then spent three days in the wilderness feasting and holding riding competitions before returning to their respective posts.

In pre-Civil War days the capital of Kansas Territory was briefly located at Riley. During the Civil War the soldiers did not see much action and spent most of the time squabbling over liquor. A Captain Sylvester from Wisconsin once emptied 13 barrels at a place that has since been known as Whiskey Lake. On another occasion a shooting erupted, leaving one man killed and two wounded. The cavalry's consumption of spirits was heroic; the chief of surgery at the hospital relating that three quarts of whiskey a day was "the customary allowance of quite a number of men."

It was odd country in which to build a Midwestern equivalent of *L'École de Cavalerie*, but in the decades after the Civil War the fort's style and purpose were set. How did the old boys accomplish it? There were two horse shows a week and weekly races over a course in Race Track Pasture, point-to-point events, steeplechases, coyote hunts, rabbit hunts and wolf hunts. A man did not have to take part, but one Mounted Service School yearbook contains a photograph of prisoners lounging near the guardhouse. The caption reads: "They voted against the Steeplechase."

The greatest feat of the old boys was to start a rivalry among prominent horse owners to see who could give the best horses to the cavalry. Around the turn of the century a number of capitalists were rivals on the racetrack as well as in business, and they donated horses with the same fierce competitive spirit they showed in battling over mines and railroads. So from the stables of August Belmont, James Keene, "Bet-a-Million" Gates and others, the cavalry acquired some superb thoroughbreds—Henry of

continued



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Source: Zenith TV, "Most Trusted" TV, "Least Repaired" TV

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RILEY

Navarre (who dead-headed in a match race with the magnificent Domino), Vestibule, Octagon, Footprint, Sandringham, Belfrey II—to improve the breed of cavalry horses. This upside-down contest culminated when Belmont grandly presented the cavalry with the Kentucky Derby winner, Behave Yourself. It is possible that the cavalry put Behave Yourself to work with other mounts patrolling the Mexican border, since he never won anything after winning the Derby and at stud "accomplished nothing and began nothing."

There were two or three drag hunts a week. Foxes once were imported, but there were so many coyotes around that the hounds strayed, pursuing any nearby coyote. The drag consisted of a piece of canvas six feet long and three wide, liberally saturated with fresh dung from captive foxes. A trooper on horseback dragged this at a gallop through Hill pasture with six fences, up Morris Hill, down through the woods to the jumps in Magazine Canyon. The scent had to be strong. In fact, it was so strong that people complained the riders could follow the trail by the odor alone and did not need the hounds.

Then there was polo, with games on Sunday and Wednesday. The opponent was usually another service team, though Junction City had a foursome organized by a local physician named Fred O'Donnell. The doctor first came to the attention of the cavalry when Curry Nation, armed with her hatchet, arrived in Junction City with the announced intention of wrecking its saloons. O'Donnell met her at the station and pushed her back on the train, saying he did not want her sort around. Considerably more welcome was the Humboldt Team, made up of cowboys from nearby ranches. The Santa Fe Trail, the Oregon Trail and a Mormon trail to Utah crossed near the fort, and on Sunday's cowboy team appeared over the hill, their ponies drawing buggies and farm wagons filled with routers. The cowboys unbuckled the horses, saddled them with ordinary stock saddles and rode out into the field to take on some of the best riders in the country. They were always short of equipment, and if a player broke a mallet he held on to what was left, leaned far off his horse and played with the stump. Since the cowboys had never had pro-

fessional instruction they devised their own system of play. When one of them ran over the ball he simply quit trying and rode to the rear of his team. That left no one ahead of the ball, but it produced a steady stream of cowboys on the ball. The field was rough, and the cow ponies followed the ball well. No scores have been preserved, but an Army observer said the cowboys' play "was rather baffling and quite successful."

Popular support for military sport (and later on, even grudging government approval) came around 1910 with the sudden appearance of cavalrymen in dress uniforms racing on the big dirt tracks of the East. Belmont, Saratoga, Pimlico. These were usually special events on an ordinary day's program, with standard betting as on the other races and with purses that were about average for those years, around \$350. The times were not impressive. It was possible to win a mile race in 2:01 on the flat in 1911, riding a cavalry horse, while thoroughbreds were running the distance in about 1:40. But the cavalrymen rode at 160 pounds. And crowds cheered whenever they appeared. Patton, who seems to have entered every competitive event he could, he owned seven thoroughbreds and once took 21 of his own mounts to a horse show—said the Army races did more to popularize the cavalry than all the horse shows and polo games put together. "Horse shows and polo games are notoriously vacuity events," he wrote stentily. "At races the seats are ample, the crowds large and, if not select, at least representative of the American voter the man who makes or breaks us."

Four men and half a dozen horses left Fort Riley for Sweden in 1911 to appear in an international riding competition against the armies of Germany, England, France, Russia, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Belgium and Chile. The final event was a 54-mile cross-country ride, each horse carrying 176½ pounds. The weather turned extremely hot, Captain Guy Henry, sometimes called the best rider in the history of the post, was delayed when his horse lost a shoe. To make up lost time he had to gallop 12 miles to the starting point. The Americans decided to take the 54 miles in three stages, 18 miles at a walk, 18 at the trot, 18 at the gallop, with six minutes of rest each hour.

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The 1912 Olympics in Stockholm came next, with Henry and Ben Lear (later a general) on the American team, and Patton finishing fifth in the modern pentathlon. (He collapsed and fell in front of the royal box as he crossed the finish line in the cross-country run of that event, and might have won had he not finished 21st in pistol shooting.) After that there was no stopping the men who became the old boys.

When students got back to Kansas after trips to Meadowbrook, or *Il Tiro al Quisto* in Rome, or some place equally fashionable, they had to go back to work in either the blacksmith shop or the veterinary department, to the study of stable management, feeding and conditioning, breaking, training and schooling horses. Lear, who was in charge of horse-shoeing, trained the younger officers to trim the foot, fit the shoes and nail them on. "There are many bruised and burned fingers," he wrote, "but surprisingly few horses are pricked." Distinguished visitors from the East were sometimes surprised to find officers working at the 30 forges in the shop. They were more surprised to find officers working with sick animals. "Do you think," one visiting officer asked Lear, "that it is necessary or desirable that an officer should do this work with his own hands?"

"Bruised, burned and soiled hands don't count," Lear said. "We hang our clothes out the back windows as soon as we reach our quarters and can take them off."

The student publication, *The Rump*, merely observed that the blacksmith shop was where young officers learned to chew tobacco. Sometimes such homely training was interrupted by other tasks, as when a lieutenant named Douglas MacArthur arrived to give instructions

continued

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RILEY continues

on the use of dynamite in blowing up bridges. This turned out to be a complicated operation, for one had to juggle the right amount of explosives while simultaneously steadying a spirited cavalry horse that expected his rider to be charging with a saber.

But through most of the years of growth the great struggle was fought over riding to hounds. In the earliest days at Fort Riley there had been a scratch pack of hounds for coursing coyotes. Eventually a few officers chipped in and bought eight couples of American hounds and four couples of English hounds to form a regular pack. But there were problems. The farmers hunted wolves at night and they had never seen daylight hunting across country, after their first look they refused permission to cross their lands. That was settled by payments of \$1 a month. Officers were dilatory about joining the hunt. Only six men at the fort had ever ridden across country. All riding was along roads or over exercise trails, through such places as Breakneck Canyon and Cemetery Slide. A colonel finally issued an order for a hunt every Friday. "All officers of the regiment should turn out and follow hounds across country on that day." That was how regular hunts began. The pack was built up with some fine English hounds given by a Boston philanthropist. But then a setter dog went mad, hit most of the pack and every puppy was lost. Soon after that the regiment was ordered to Texas, and an enlisted man was left in charge of the kennels. The quartermaster intervened and put the hounds out to board with farmers for \$35 a month. When the wives of the hunters looked for the hounds, they found them starved and neglected. Only five were returned to the kennels, and these were in such pitiable condition they had to be destroyed.

Another pack was started, but this time it was agreed that only English hounds would be used, and they cost \$60 a couple. "The average American hound is wild as a hawk," said a youthful Master of the Hunt. "Any discipline applied with a whip will cow him to utter worthlessness. Unless under the immediate eye of the huntsman he will run rabbits, coons and foxes with cheerful impartiality, and dispose himself as he sees fit until the next feeding time, when he will return apologetically to his kennel." Em-

a continues on p. 10

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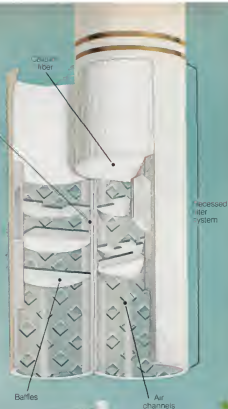
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Chevrolet

ulating the horsemen who persuaded August Belmont to donate thoroughbreds, the hunt club persuaded dog owners in the East to come across with hounds "to help establish this bully sport in the Army."

These improvised operations greatly displeased Captain Walter Short, who was Senior Instructor of Equestrian. He later became General Short and underwent a Congressional investigation of his conduct at Pearl Harbor, but he was then a handsome young officer whose photograph on his horse served as a model for how a horseman should look. Captain Short concluded that riding to hounds in the heart of Kansas was worthless and only took students from their serious work. Now if the cavalry post could be moved to Warrenton, Va., he wrote, "it would take advantage of the excellent country in that vicinity, and it would allow the students at stated intervals to take advantage of the excellent fox hunting behind the trained packs of that neighborhood."

If the school moved, Fort Riley would be only another inland cavalry post. "Every officer at some time had to go to Riley," said General Frederick Fearing Wing, an Olympic rider. "The cavalry school gave Riley its reputation." Several years of struggle followed before the adherents of Captain Short were routed, and if nothing more it proved how deeply attached to the Kansas countryside the cavalrymen had become.

They are still attached to it. "There has been nothing like Fort Riley since," says Colonel William West, another Olympic rider, who commanded the last true horse squadron in the cavalry. "There were horses galore, horsemanship classes for officer students and children. There were the best riding instructors in the world, life centered around horses and horse activities. On Saturdays and Sundays all sorts of classes were held for the kids. There were three cavalry regiments at the fort, plus the cavalry school, and around a thousand kids there. When they weren't out on horse shows the animals were there at Riley, and even when they were away there were horses of almost show-team caliber. The jumpers at the fort were about the best in the world. A lot of us rode. It was awfully hot in the summer and cold in the winter, with a lot of hunting, duck shooting on the river."

continued

Football originals.

The original arm chair quarter-back.

On Sept. 30, 1939, television carried the Waynesburg-Fordham football game. Soon, more games were televised. Horseives of America despaired. Not only were they forced to learn the difference between a split end and a tight end, they now had to contend with the new by-product of their sofa-signal-calling-spongesthe spread end.



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Joe Thompson

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RILEY

ers, hunting for quail, rabbits, squirrels."

Riding clothes were made by Albert More, who employed a dozen tailors in his shop in Junction City. Through two generations the price of riding breeches remained at under \$40 a pair. "Unless you wore a pair of More's breeches you weren't socially acceptable," says General Andy Seitz, a former commandant at Fort Riley who is now a vice-president of a Junction City bank. More's firm is still in business, operated by Dick Jones, who over the years has made breeches for almost every officer who rode a horse.

As the war against the Axis worsened, drag hunts and polo and other symbols of the past began to seem grotesque. The hunts still started at eight in the morning (unless the weather was too cold for the hounds), the riders fully attired in their pinks, white lines of German privates of war passed, marching in cadence, impressive-looking troops though carrying shovels instead of poms.

The disinclination of Congress to appropriate money for horses in a day of mechanized warfare was understandable. "The horses were washed out," says Colonel West, "the cavalry turned into mechanized units, though still called cavalry. The last horse squadron at Fort Riley was deactivated on Feb. 8, 1945. I was head of the Department of Horsemanship, as my father had been before me, and I had to decide how many cavalry horses to keep. From many hundreds I cut down to 141."

An Army directive put a stop to all equestrian horse shows after 1949. Colonel Wofford formed a civilian United States Equestrian Team to which Army horses were shipped. Among these was Democrat, a brown horse with a white blaze which General Wing rode in the Olympic Prix-des-Nations in 1948 and which William Steinhaus showed successfully thereafter. And in 1950 when President Harry Truman signed the Army Reorganization Bill, the U.S. Army, for the first time in its history, had no horse cavalry.

In a curious reversal of feeling, popular interest in the cavalry began to flourish as soon as it ceased to exist. There is now a brisk business in collecting spurs and sabers, GI helmets and helmets, officers' metal scabbards. The saddles cut up at Fort Riley at the end of the war

continued

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RILEY continued

would be worth thousands. A Patton straight saber, modeled on the one he introduced into the cavalry, sells for \$75 to \$100.

One remarkable demonstration of changed feeling was the increasing number of visitors appearing at Fort Riley to take a look at Chief, the last cavalry horse. They averaged 300 to 400 a week, almost as many as Man of War attracted in his old age at a more accessible farm in Kentucky. Chief's lonely citizenship came about as a result of an Army mix-up. After all horses under 16 years at Fort Riley had been sold, there remained 27 government-owned horses at the post. In 1954, 16 of these were ordered shipped to the 10th Field Artillery Battalion (Pack) to be used for official purposes only. They were to include Dakota, ridden in the 1936 Olympic Games in Berlin, and Milwaukee, General Jonathan Wainwright's mount. Dakota was 26 years old. Most of the others were 20 or more. The following week the order was rescinded. Dakota and Milwaukee were sold to Dr. O'Donnell with the stipulation that they would be cared for and fed the rest of their lives and would not be ridden, worked or jumped. Another batch of horses was transferred to Colonel Wofford, acting as agent for the United States Equestrian Team, under a bailment agreement with the government—that is, the team agreed to feed and cure for the horses at no expense to the government, but the government retained title to them. Since they were too old to be ridden or trailered the seven miles to the Wofford farm, they were led single file from the fort.

Left behind at the post were Gambler, once a substitute on an Olympic team, Joe Louis, brought in from New Mexico in 1938, and Chief, who was sold to the government by a professional buyer for \$163. He was one of carloads of horses shipped in from Nebraska. Joe Louis died in 1957, age 24. Gambler succumbed a few years later. Chief, kept in a special stall and taken out daily to a corral so visitors could see him, lived to be 36. He was a good-natured horse and was said to have been a fair jumper, though he never jumped competitively. He died on the evening of May 24, 1968 with no other distinction than that of having ended the history of the U.S. horse cavalry.

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

KICKS

Sirs:

Some comments on Tex Maule's article (*In It Just for the Kicks*, Nov. 5): Should not George Blanda be included among the not-so-helpless kickers? In the proximate past, as backup quarterback he has passed as well as kicked the Raiders to victory. And since the goalposts have no purpose other than to indicate the success of PAT and field-goal attempts, I am surprised Mr. Maule did not focus more on them. If the number of field goals being scored is truly a matter for concern, why not reduce the target area by moving the goalposts closer together, or providing an upper and a lower crossbar supporting a net and require that the kicked ball enter the net?

REAR ADMIRAL E. H. BARTCHILLER,
USN (Ret.)

Washington, D.C.

Sirs,

I agree that the idea of more points the longer the field goal is ridiculous. Every team

would work to get to the 40, then kick. The scoring should be just the opposite. From outside the 40, one point. From the 30 to 40, two points. From inside the 20, three or four points. This would give teams incentive to try to get closer rather than kick the automatic field goal any time they get inside the 30.

RICHARD D. HUNT

Palm Springs, Calif.

Sirs:

Why not make a touchdown worth nine or 12 points plus the extra point, thus bettering three or four field goals.

ROBERT A. SHAFER

Whitefish, Mont.

Sirs:

Tex Maule is right. Football is getting boring because of a lack of touchdowns, but the fat cats will say the lack of attendance at games is because of the blackout. They won't learn.

JUDY CRYMORE II

Kew Gardens, N.Y.

Sirs:

Why not remove the talented toe from scoring altogether? Eliminate field goals and kicked PATs completely.

RICHARD A. TRIMBLE

Springfield, Mass.

Sirs:

The NFL could help solve the field-goal problem by putting to use NBA-ABA cast-offs. It is perfectly legal to block an attempt, but it is seldom done. If a few more players were allowed on a squad, a team could place three 6'9" leapers on the goal line ready to barge away those 45-yard attempts that barely clear the crossbar.

ALAN BRIDGER

Bergenfield, N.J.

Sirs:

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would bring about. For example, suppose a team takes the opening kickoff and marches down the field but gets bogged down on the 17-yard line and has fourth and two. Should it use up one field-goal attempt now or should it save it for later in the half? And why not make it a five-yard penalty on the kickoff if the ball lands in the end zone?

KEVIN G. GOGGIN

Bellevue, Wash.

Sirs:

If professional football is really concerned about the lack of touchdowns being scored and the excess of field goals, there is a way to change it, a simple rule that would read: The offensive team can try a field goal on any down but fourth. With third down and less than three inside the opponent's 30-yard line, the fan would get to know what team is playing for keeps and what team is playing on a hope and a prayer.

JOHN HART

St. Louis

Sirs:

Having established the NCAA record for percentage of punts after touchdown made in 1948 (22 for 22) while playing for Yale, I

feel qualified to state my opinion. I agree completely there is too much emphasis on field-goal kicking and steps should definitely be taken to put that particular skill in perspective.

WILLIAM A. BOOE

Charlotte, N.C.

HAWG HUNTERS

Sirs:

The BASS Masters Classic (*Hawg Hunt for the Bass Masters*, Nov. 5) epitomizes all the things fishing isn't. Overpowered, over-equipped boats roar into the dawa carrying lure and tackle promoters out to rape and plunder another lake. You would be better served featuring articles condemning the commercial pollution of a great sport rather than glorifying this abomination.

W.E. HINTZ

Convent Station, N.J.

CFL STYLE

Sirs:

As a Canadian and a fan of all football—college, NFL and CFL—I was pleased to see that you acknowledged the CFL and one of its outstanding players for the second time this season with your story on Johnny Rodg-

ers (*All That's Been Fractured Is His French*, Oct. 22).

However, I would like to make some points in defense of the CFL rules for punts—rules that were criticized by Montreal Coach Marv Levy in the story. Since coming to Canada last spring, Levy has criticized the CFL kicking game for being dull compared to the American game.

While I agree that blocking on punt returns would add more excitement to the Canadian game, I hope the CFL will never adopt such exciting items as the fair catch or touchback, or allow half a dozen 250-pound men to prance and huddle around a football, as they watch it roll dead. Some excitement! Certainly even a six-yard punt return in the CFL is more exciting than a fair catch, and watching a punter rush downfield in an attempt to recover his own short punt is more exciting than watching the ball roll dead.

Admittedly, punting the ball out of bounds inside the opponent's 10-yard line is somewhat of an art. But it is, for the most part, a lost art. Canadian fans would much rather watch a team attempting to run a kickoff, a wide field-goal attempt or a punt out of the end zone to prevent giving up a single point

continued

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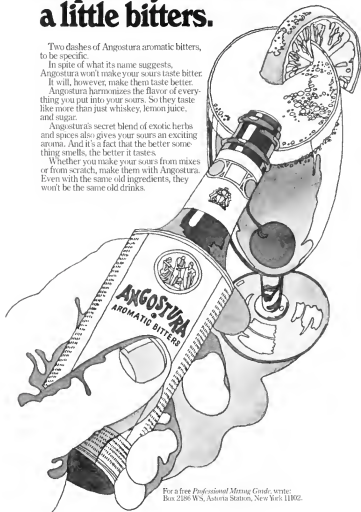
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than have the "thrill" of watching a team back. And the single-point score adds a tremendous variety to the scoring method and greater interest for the fans.

When it comes to improving rules regarding the kicking game in football, the NFL can do far more by copying the CFL than the CFL can by adopting U.S. rules.

TERRY FRASER

Toronto

CATCHING HOLLOWAY

Sirs:

Although I am a Volunteer fan, I thoroughly enjoyed your coverage of the Tennessee-Alabama game (Sports, but Alabama Had to Run, Oct. 29). Your remarks about Condredge Holloway are truly deserved. He was superb as he brought Tennessee from behind to a 21-21 tie. He has done this sort of thing many times this season for the Volunteers, and even though in the end his presence could not offset Alabama's strong Wishbone offense, I think he is a true All-American.

ERIC HENDERSON

Tarpon Springs, Fla.

Sirs:

Your article aptly described the exciting Tennessee-Alabama clash, but I must comment on your picture captioned "A Tennessee view of Alabama's go-ahead touchdown." From my vantage point, it looks like the six-pointer scored by the indescribable Condredge Holloway of Tennessee (note the long orange-and-white jersey bearing No. 11 partially hidden in the picture).

Coaches and players over the past season and a half have been trying to devise a way to catch Condredge, and it appears that SI missed him, too.

GARY MANN

Knoxville, Tenn.

● We did. — E.D.

REVELATIONS

Sirs:

I enjoyed very much your article on the Swedish players in the NHL (New International Polers, Sign a Swede, Oct. 29). I suppose one could call Boje Salting, Inge Hammarstrom, Tommie Bergman and Tori Lundstrom the Four Norsemen of the Ap-hockey-type.

KARL HENRIKSSON

Chicago

HEROES AND GOATS

Sirs:

I noticed in your Oct. 29 article *Mattos and a Boss* that Reggie Jackson was named MVP of the World Series, which was no surprise to me. I knew when I saw him interviewed beforehand that if he got a hit and caught a fly ball, he would make it. I am not taking anything away from Jackson—he is

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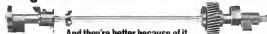


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10TH HOLE *continued*

a fine hallplayer—but whoever picked the MVP overlooked several fine players who had a much better Series than he. What did Compainers, Fingers, Knowles, Smith, McGraw and Harrelson do wrong? And who made up the rule that the MVP had to be on the winning team?

DEONARD BROTHERS

Dyersburg, Tenn.

Sir:

In his interesting description of the World Series William Feggett mentioned the fact that there was no complete game pitched by either side. For that matter, neither was there a complete game pitched in the 1972 Series, when the same Oakland A's vanquished the Cincinnati Reds. The last pitcher to start in a complete game was Steve Busch of the Pittsburgh Pirates, who achieved this elusive distinction in the seventh game of the 1971 Series on Oct. 17 by beating the Baltimore Orioles by a score of 2-1 for the championship. Also, the Pirates were the last National League club to win the Series.

WILLIAM F. O'BRIEN

Cincinnati

Sir:

Destitely as Charles Finley's firing of Mike Andrews was, it was not an unprecedented act in baseball history. In 1909 Barney Dreyfuss of the Pirates fired Bill Alderton after the World Series for striking out 10 times. Now, with that incident out of the way, we can watch Finley hold Dick Williams to his contract at La Grange Hall, George Allen. Baseball needs more, men like Mike Andrews and fewer men like Finley.

MICHAEL HINSH

St. Petersburg, Fla.

SUN DEVIL COACH

Sir:

Congratulations to Ray Kennedy for his fine article revealing the coaching philosophy of Frank Kush at Arizona State (Kush Means Push and Roll and Crush, Oct. 22). Ten few collegiate coaches since to teach mental toughness, and consequently many players never show their full potential on the field. The dull hours of hitting, running and sweating make winning football seasons—and All-Americans like Woods, Green and Danny White. Teaching discipline through adversity is a special talent of Kush's. Most coaches will never reach the height he has attained at Arizona State.

ALAN F. MURPHY

Portland, Ore.

Sir:

Ray Kennedy's article was just great! Jim Long overtook Frank Kush's been doing his thing at ASU since 1955, and he has been doing it the only way he knows how—fair and hard. Every year your magazine contains

continued

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DAVE TENNER

ON IN REVIEW

Says

For the first time, since the inauguration of divisional playoffs, I found the American League's season more interesting than the National's. Although I can cite a number of reasons for this change in preference, the main reason is the addition of the designated hitter. When this new rule is studied, one thing stands out: the change benefits both the offense and the defense. Moving the hot bats in professional football aided the offense. The elimination of the zone defense in professional basketball also enhanced the effectiveness of the offense. The designated hitter, on the other hand, aids the defense by allowing the starting pitcher to remain in the game longer, while the offense also benefits from having a hitter replace the poor-swinging pitcher in the batting lineup. I hope the National League will adopt the designated hitter for the 1974 or 1975 season even though the three-year trial period will not yet have ended.

EDWARD B. WHITFIELD

Wadsworth, N.C.

UNDERRATED REFS (CONT.)

Says

As a former basketball referee, coach and player, I especially enjoyed Peter Carr's article "The Hardest Referee to Succeed" (Oct. 15). This type of controlled officiating, whereby most technicalities are overlooked unless the player gains an unfair advantage, was, I believe, originated in the Big Ten by John Schommer and Nick Kearns. And just the opposite of NBA Referee Darrell Garretson's show-busting tactics was exhibited by a National League baseball umpire turned basketball referee, Ernest Gungley, who officiated in the national AAU championships in Kansas City some years ago. When he detected an infraction, he followed his whistle tooting with the remark, "You can't do that." The crowd generally was so amused that he graciously accepted the penalty.

All officials in every sport, I am sure, appreciate a slight grunt of approval from the losers even more than a thousand accolades from the winner.

DICK BLIZEN SR.

Fond du Lac, Wis.

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